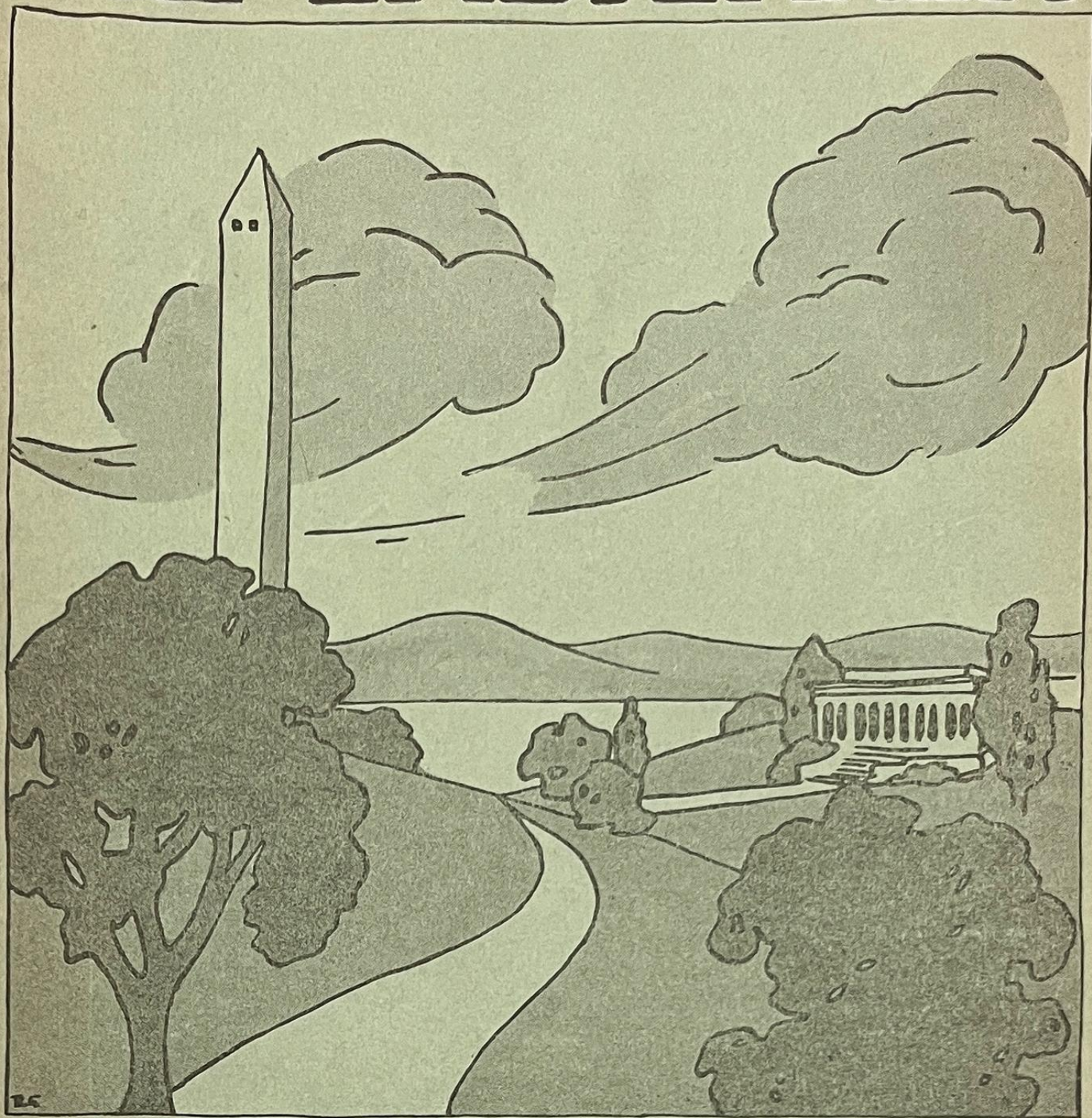


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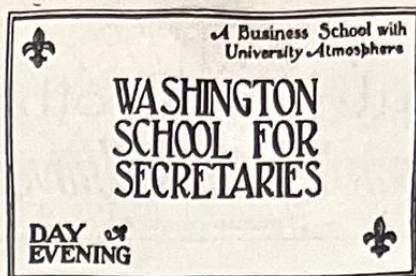
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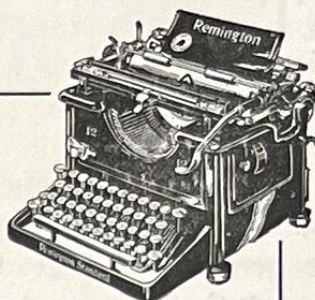
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Foreword

IT is apparent that in time of peace we do not show our patriotism with the zest and emotion that we display in war. Our souls are stirred to excited passion and love of country by the music of military bands and the dramatic fervor of war speeches. But we are none the less bound by duty and devotion to our glorious United States and to the flag which has led us along the path of destiny from an infant people, lost in the magnitude of their own dominion, to the greatest nation among the premier powers of the globe.

This end has been accomplished through the industry, devotion, and religious zeal of our forefathers. In all the arts and sciences they have bended their utmost efforts and posterity has reaped the reward. Not only military and naval heroes and statesmen whose names we honor, and not unjustly, but writers, scientists, and leaders of industry have all contributed to the common cause of building our country. The pens of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Mark Twain, Poe, and a score of others have established a national prestige in prose and verse. In painting, sculpturing, and architecture, the United States has produced much genius of the first rank. It would be difficult to enumerate the men of science who have aided commerce and industry, who have protected the public health, and who have made America's war machine as great as any other or probably greater. No nation rivals us in commercial enterprise and no nation boasts so many developed natural resources. In many other lines of endeavor, the initiative of Americans has helped to raise the United States to its present status.

Their accomplishments however, were made more possible by the free and progressive conditions under which they lived. These conditions existed only in the republic which came into being through the efforts of several of the world's greatest statesmen, who, fortunately for the United States, lived in the generation which fought the Revolution and framed the Constitution. But one of them, more than any of the rest, guided the struggling people through the discouraging hardship of war, and by his patriotism and integrity held the jealous states in a bond of common union when freedom was won. George Washington, whose name we reverently honor at this time of the year, well deserves the title, "Father of his Country."

To all those who have contributed their lives to make the United States great and prosperous, and especially to our first president, George Washington, this issue is respectfully dedicated.

The Easterner

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Motto: Do Well, Do Better, Do Best.

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Paul Went Forth To War

By H. Gifford Irion, '28

Every girl whom Paul Drayton ever met had a crush on him. At college he learned more about the art of spending money than anything else. But, popular as he was, he had an uncontrollable habit of breaking feminine hearts. He kept this practice up until his father, disappointed and disgusted, threatened to disown him. Such was Paul Drayton's situation when the United States entered the World War.

Paul, himself, being somewhat tired of the life he was leading, decided to enlist and learn what there was to see in France. He soon acquired the titles of the "Beau Brummel of His Regiment" and "Gay Deceiver." While the regiment underwent its final period of training in a little French town, Paul was commissioned a lieutenant. Here also he reached the climax of his amorous career. He met an inhabitant of the town named Joan Villiers, fair, young, and graceful. Paul made good use of his college French to engage the young lady in conversation.

"No, Joan," he told her, "I never had anything to do with girls until I met you."

"But, monsieur, all soldiers talk like that. Do you not have any girls in your United States?" asked Joan, somewhat perplexed.

Paul laughed. "Yes, we have girls, plenty of them, but I have never seen one who could compare with you."

"Ah, Monsieur Paul, you say such nice things—I love to hear you talk."

Paul Drayton needed little encouragement. Day after day he visited Joan to say nice things, and really forgot that there was such a thing as war.

But eventually the dreaded bugles blew and the command "fall in" was uttered. Immediately the town became confusion. Soldiers kissed sweethearts with fond goodbyes, and girls kissed soldiers—handkerchiefs waved—bands played the *Star Spangled Banner* and the *Marseillaise*. Joan and Paul sought each other in the throng.

"Monsieur will come back, yes?" said Joan, when she found her idol.

"Of course I will," said Paul. "You'll wait for me, won't you, Joan? We'll be married when this war is over."

"You will not forget, Paul? Here, take my picture—this!" She slipped a little locket containing her picture into his hand. "Do not forget, monsieur. Oh Paul, Paul!"

The huge motor trucks rumbled off to the north. As they left the town, the doughboys became silent. Paul sat moodily dreaming, occasionally glancing at Joan's picture.

"What did ya kid the gal for?" said a husky voice next to him.

"I loved her," replied Paul.

"Yea! That's what you told dozens of gals in old U. S. A." He paused. "Do you really intend on goin' back to this un?"

"Well, I doubt it. Anyhow, she'll forget me when another regiment camps there."

The trucks rumbled on and so did the war. Assault after assault, shot after shot, shell after shell! Fresh troops poured into the grim trenches—young boys, eager to see a real battle, eager to get at the Huns. They then came out hardened, mud and bloodstained, battle-weary men. In one of these returning contingents was Paul. He sat down by the roadside while his company was at rest. For some moments he sat dazed with the thought of what he had just passed through, doubting his presence among the living. He was totally unaware of the presence of a French "laisson" officer by his side.

"Pardonne, monsieur," said the Frenchman, "you do not seem to care for this war." Paul weakly nodded. "Do you have leave of absence now?"

"Yea," said Paul.

"Then I should like to have you visit me at my present quarters."

Paul, still dazed, marched to a little village
(Continued on page 27)

He Who Gave More

By Donald A. Craig, '29

It was a summer night in Georgia. The pale white moon shone down on a plantation garden. There among the rustling palms, stood a man and a girl.

In the vivid moonlight one might detect tears on the cheek of the girl. Even the man clad in the gray uniform of the Confederacy showed a trace of a tear in his eyes. Slowly he spoke.

"Alice, what is the greatest thing a man can sacrifice for his country?"

The girl looked at him in surprise.

"Why, his life, Jack, of course," she answered.

For a moment both were silent.

"Maybe you're right," said the young captain, as he gazed out over the lake before them.

Somewhere in the distance a bugle sounded. As its notes floated over the summer air and died in echoes on the distant hills, their lips met for the last time in the moonlit garden. Even the mocking bird abated his song, as if he sensed what a sacred parting was theirs.

Soon the girl was alone in the empty garden. The young captain was hurrying to offer his life for his country, and to have taken from him that which was even greater than life.

A thin line of blue and a thinner line of gray lay in a setting of smoke and blood. Men were shooting down men, brothers murdering brothers. It was war at the height of its glory.

The gray line was weakening. Slowly but surely the blues were closing in. Just as the first note of retreat rang out a cloud of dust appeared on the hill behind the grays. The bugle ceased.

"It's Captain Jack with the cavalry. Hold on!" was the cry that ran down the line of retreating men.

Their sinking spirits mounted. If they could only hold out till Captain Jack could close in on the flank. Then together they could drive back

the oncoming enemy. The whole gray line tightened and held for a minute. But—Captain Jack turned and fled!

The victory almost within their grasp was lost. Again the bugle sounded the call to fall back.

The battle was over. The setting sun witnessed the straggling retreat of the valiant gray line. The most important Confederate move of the month had failed. It had failed because of Captain Jack's cowardice. It was surely that,—or treason.

The Colonel summoned the coward to his tent. The bronzed face of the old officer bore a strange expression of amazement and doubt.

"Captain," he said, "why did you retreat this afternoon?"

For a moment Captain Jack was silent. He tinkered with his sword hilt. Suddenly he raised his eyes to meet the gaze of the Colonel.

"I don't know," he replied.

The Colonel's face reddened. "Well, by the Eternal, you'd better know!" he cried. "This is an army, not a nursery!"

The young officer burst into a laugh and crashed his fist down on the little camp table between them.

"It would be a d--n sight better if it was a nursery!" he declared. "And as for why I retreated, I don't care why I retreated!"

The stern face of the old Colonel softened after a dreadful pause.

"Captain, you're rattled," he said. "Report to me in the morning. You may go now."

Captain Jack turned on his heel and walked out. That night he deserted to the enemy. His comrades no longer wondered at his cowardice but despised his treason.

A month passed and Captain Jack of the Army of Northern Virginia became Lieutenant Jack of the Army of the Potomac. He could never be anything but handsome, but somehow the blue of the uniform he now wore did not become him as

had the gray. Perhaps it was only because of his gray eyes.

The soldiers of the Union army accepted him as one of these who had changed his allegiance because he realized the fault of the Confederacy. He was accepted, but he was not admired nor respected. Yet he performed his duties and carried out his orders. So he was accepted.

Grant had taken command of the Army of the Potomac and was slowly closing in on the shrinking force of Lee. Each gray dawn to the failing southern line seemed grayer. Only the indomitable spirit of Lee and the South stove off defeat.

Again there were lines of blue and gray, and blood and smoke. Lieutenant Jack was everywhere on the field, yet not once did he let a bullet fly from his pistol nor did his sabre taste the blood of the South.

This time the blue line wavered and broke.

Lieutenant Jack covered its retreat with a detachment of cavalry. The rear guard of the fleeing blue column was suddenly attacked from ambush by a body of confederates. In the skirmish that followed he was captured by the same regiment from which he had deserted.

This change of environment merely affected his condition in that where he was before tolerated, he was now despised. Again he was brought to face the old Colonel. This time he did not laugh.

The Colonel as he looked at him placed his hand on his revolver.

"If I had my way I would shoot you down now," he said.

For a second both men stared at each other in silence. Then the Colonel spoke again.

"You knew the penalty for desertion. Yet you deserted at perhaps the most crucial time of the campaign. Need I tell you?"

He was interrupted by a dispatch from General Lee. As he read it his countenance took on an expression of surprise. However, he raised his head and spoke to the prisoner before him.

"The General wants to see you immediately," he said simply.

Between two armed guards the deserter made his way to the tent of the Commander of the armies of the South.

"I will see the gentleman alone," said Lee when he stood before him.

Promptly the officers and aids withdrew. The General watched them file out. When they were gone he extended his hand to the traitor in front of him. Jack took his hand as he heard these words:

"Those men offer their lives in return for glory. They are heroes. You not only offer your life but give your honor, which to a gentleman is more than his life, and receive in return not glory, but disgrace. I admire them. Jack, I, I also admire you!"

The face of Captain Jack flushed with pride.

"Thank you, General," he said. "And is there any word from—"

He paused as if the word frightened him.

"From her?" finished the general.

Without waiting for a reply Lee took a blue envelope from his pocket and handed it to Captain Jack. As he opened it a ring fell out onto the rude rug at his feet. The letter read:

"When you receive this I shall be married to a MAN, and thanking God that I did not wait for a coward and a traitor.

Alice"

The letter fell from Captain Jack's fingers to the ground beside the ring. He sank onto the stool at his side, and for the first time since the night in the plantation garden the tears glistened in his gray eyes. The General placed his hand on his shoulder.

"What is it, Jack?" he asked.

Jack's hand tightened about the edge of the little table. His military bearing was gone. The suppressed agony of months conquered him.

"God," he sobbed, "what will they take next! I am stripped of my friends and my honor. To the world I have betrayed my country. And now—now they take that which I love above life itself!"

The General stood gazing out of the doorway. The moon glistened in the tears also in Lee's eyes, tears which he did not strive to repress. They were the tears which all great generals shed at night for the price of the glory of war.

Gradually the soldier replaced the lover again

Continued on page 26

Sketches of the Life of a Farmer

This is a story of a farmer, a real honest-to-goodness farmer in the time of George Washington.

The "farmer" was born on the 22nd of February, 1732, Washington's birthday, in a house on Bridges Creek. The house was one of the primitive farm-houses of Virginia.

His father had a moderate sum of money and managed to send his elder son, Lawrence, who was then fifteen, to England for an education, while the "farmer," still in early childhood, was sent to an old field-school-house, which was run by "Hobby," the sexton of the parish.

When he was seven years of age his half-brother, Lawrence, fourteen years older than he, returned from England, very well educated, and at this time they formed a friendship very valuable to the "farmer" in later years.

When Lawrence was twenty-two England had trouble in the West Indies, and after he had obtained a captaincy in the new regiment, Lawrence embarked for the West Indies.

The "farmer" was affected by the military fervor also, and formed a regiment of which he was Commander-in-chief at Hobby's School, and thus prepared the children from five to ten for war.

His brother soon returned from the West Indies with full plans to seek a higher position in the army, but he fell in love with Anne, the eldest daughter of the Hon. William Fairfax and the two were to be married, when Lawrence's father, then only forty-nine, died of an attack of gout.

His father's will divided his estate evenly. Soon after his death his two elder sons, Lawrence and Augustine, married, leaving the "farmer," then eleven, the oldest child at home.

However, he was not to stay long, for Hobby had now taught him practically all he knew; hence the "farmer" was sent to live with Augustine, his other half-brother, where he could be taught by a Mr. Williams.

The "farmer" often visited Lawrence, thru whom he received much of the Fairfax culture. There he also heard many tales of war and felt a particular fascination for the navy. Lawrence encouraged this, so the "farmer" tried to get the permission of his mother to join, who after much coaxing, consented.

With the help of Mr. Fairfax and Lawrence all preparations were made, but his mother at the 11th hour changed her mind, and the "farmer" reluctantly gave up all his plans and returned to school.

The merits of the "farmer" were known and appreciated by the Fairfax family. Though not quite sixteen years of age, he no longer seemed a boy. Tall, athletic, and manly for his years, he seemed to have a way about him which won favor in ladies' eyes. While living at the Fairfax Home he was known to write:

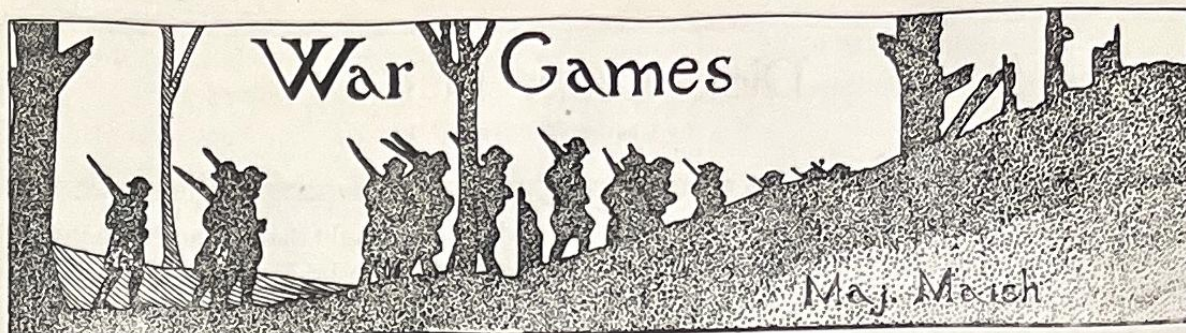
"My residence is at present at his lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house, but as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in Company with her, revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty."

The "lowland beauty" was a Miss Grimes of Westmoreland, afterwards Mrs. Lee, and mother of Gen. Henry Lee. Miss Carey was the woman who was residing at Fairfax at this time.

He was born on a plantation, was brought up in the country, and until manhood he had never even seen a town of five thousand people. First he was a surveyor, and so careful a one that his work still stands the test. Later he became a soldier, and he enjoyed this life for awhile, but he always longed to return to his quiet life.

The "farmer" selected for his wife the daughter of John Dandridge, a lady one year older than he, and also a widow, who seemed to have the qualities that would help to form his ideal of happiness. On the 6th of January 1759, they married.

(Continued on page 28)



War Games are not new; they were old before Rome was built. Before the mythical days of the Iliad, men played at war. In fact, the earliest games were games of combat and chase: "Sword play," the tournament, and battle royal; differing little in appearance from a melee in war. Today we have fencing and boxing, football and polo. Football, I understand, started in the habitual scrimmages between rival groups until it happened, in an English school, that someone thought it would be just as well to kick a ball and "save a few shins." Polo comes to us from the Persians, who first used swords instead of mallets. Then we have the ancient game of chess which is but a formalized war game, that has been played literally for thousands of years, whose very name comes to us from the Sanskrit. In chess, the pawn, or peon, is of course a foot soldier; the knight, the cavalry. Though now shown as a castle, the rook signifies a chariot, the prototype of the modern tank. The bishops were hardly bishops in India three thousand years ago, but at all events, they are long range enlading pieces. The queen who toes anywhere she wants and hits every head she sees is a worthy model for the modern amazon.

As chess is one of the oldest of games, so is the study of the "art of war" one of man's oldest professions. In the dim ages before history began chieftains were selected, not only for their personal powers in combat, but for their knowledge and skill in the ways of war, the pursuit, the attack, and the ambush. As tribes grew and nations were formed, certain leaders and men were selected and charged with the common defence. At first they handed down by word of mouth the best arrangement of men in conflict, the most successful plans of attack, and the tac-

tics of battle as they are called now. Later, as language became written, we find these instructions and accounts of their campaigns among the bricks of Babylonia and the papyri of Egypt. Caesar's Commentaries were no doubt studied by generations of young Roman "cadets" eager to defend the northern frontiers.

It is not difficult to imagine Caesar pondering over a crude chart and moving about bits of wood that represented the enemy and his own legions, or to picture Alexander and his generals fighting over again some famous victory in the sand by the campfire. By the time of Napoleon, the range of weapons had increased and the battle lines extended, so that a commander could no longer see all of his army. Maps also had improved greatly. So it was Napoleon's habit to sleep until midnight when all the reports giving the situation for the day were in, then to get up, plot on the map the positions of the enemy, the location of his own troops, study the situation, and write his orders for the coming day. He was not only a genius, he was a student,—a student of the map.

Napoleon was confronted with an actual situation. In our War Games we assume an imaginary situation. With this difference we solve the same kinds of problems. We play our games on the Gettysburg section of the Gettysburg-Antietam War Game Map, on which one mile is shown as twelve inches. All essential military data is represented such as roads, streams, kinds of fences, culverts, woods, etc. In fact, the scale is so large, that individual houses and isolated trees are shown. Colored pins are provided to represent our own and the enemy forces. There are two or more teams, each comprising a team captain and six assistants.

(Continued on page 30)

Dick Drops Out

by Charles Jarrett

Colossal preparations were under way in the small town of Winesborough, Va., and the two hotels of which it was able to boast were rapidly filling. Many homes had a "Rooms" sign in their front windows. Indeed, the coming event was on everyone's tongue, for the twenty-second of February, the day of the long expected field meet and Washington's birthday, was not far off. A buzz of excitement was on every lip, for "bigdoings" were ahead.

With everyone going about on his own respective affair, let us turn to the whereabouts of a certain young man of about twenty years of age, born and raised in the noble town of Winesborough, by name, Richard Farview, usually known as "Dick." Dick was a general favorite, and had made good not only as a scholar but as an athlete. As he strolled down High Street, he wondered how he was to make his way through college and support his invalid mother too. He had a somewhat steady job, but it was not enough to cover both. Then all serious matters were swallowed up in contemplating the coming field meet.

Finally Wednesday the twenty-second rolled around. The population of the surrounding country was on hand promptly at nine o'clock. Everyone was happy with great expectation of the coming treat. Many had brought a picnic lunch to eat on the spacious lawns of the air field, which was at that time crammed with people from the safety lines to a hundred yards back. But even the best plans sometimes go wrong. On the way to Winesborough from New York the stunt flyer that was to have made the parachute drop from the altitude of twelve thousand feet, had suffered an automobile accident and had fractured a leg. The aviation committee was up in the air more than they ever had been before. The plane itself was being flown to Winesborough by another aviator who in a pinch could put it through a few stunts. But the big event of the day was off. The chairman and his committee were very much de-

pressed by the thought that the township and visiting crowds were to be disappointed. Mr. Wells said he thought the best thing to do was to wait until the other flyer arrived, who perhaps would be able to offer some suggestion. It was decided to adopt this plan and in the meantime to keep the bad news to themselves.

The plane arrived and the mayor mounted the platform. After the singing of a verse of the Star-Spangled Banner, the mayor made his speech. It was a good speech, as speeches go, but it was rudely interrupted at intervals by the squalling of the peanut and popcorn venders proclaiming to the world the superiority of their articles.

Meanwhile the air committee was growing frantically insane by degrees. Moved by desperation, they would have asked anyone to make the jump. When Dick Farview was told of it he was sorry that the people, his people, were to be disappointed. He began to work on a plan, and presently he was running at top speed toward the fieldhouse. Bursting through the door on to the surprised committee he panted:

"I will make the drop, and from twelve thousand feet, too!"

The committee was astonished, as they well might be. Of course they were a little dubious about the risk, at first, and told Dick that he would have to ride through all the stunts in the plane before the leap. But Dick was resolute, and said that it would not make any difference, so long as his name was kept secret until after the "drop."

At ten-fifteen the mayor announced that the great event of the morning was about to be brought forth. In glowing terms he stated the affair and announced that the two flyers were Smith and Jones of New York.

Dick had been securely strapped in the cockpit at ten minutes after ten, and after receiving

(Continued on page 29)

The Ideal Girl According to Several Senior Boys.

"There is no ideal girl. They all lack something in their make up. The closest to an ideal girl would be one with the disposition of Margaret Devers, the eyes of Nina Stoops, the happy-go-lucky manner of Dorothy Welsh. And let me add this; it isn't the girl with the looks that is necessarily the best girl either!"

AL COLE

"My ideal girl doesn't have to be beautiful, but she must have a winning personality and must be 'nice.' It's immaterial to me what she looks like so long as you can see her in the dark."

LOUIS DEPRO

"My ideal girl is one that has good sense and a pleasing personality, and is good looking and able to do things."

"TED" CAPPELLI

"My ideal girl would be slender, well formed, and beautiful. One who looks on everything with a smile, especially me."

DALE SNELL

"I think that an ideal girl should be attractive and broadminded. A good disposition would be absolute necessity. I don't like the slapping kind either, personally."

CHESTER PYLES

My ideal girl is gracefull, and rather slender. She is either a blonde or a faired skinned brunette of the darked haired Southern type. She has a wonderful complexion, and an amusing, subtle manner to match her beauty. She is a lover of sports and fine music. She is refined highly cultured.

Herbert Cooper

The ideal girl is rather tall and preferably a blnde. She is rather attrative, neat, and has perality. She is intelligent, refined, and cultured.

H. Gifford Irion

My ideal girl must be of the dark Salome type. She must have dark curly hair, pearly white teeth and "come hither" eyes. Preferably she must be a fine dancer and have a car.

William Matthews

"My ideal girl? Why, she would be one who is rather good looking, able to do things, possessed of good sense, and a pleasing personality. But above all she must be intelligent."

"Skipper" Faber

Ideal Men of Senior Girls

My ideal man? He must be an athlete.

Aileen Boswell

My ideal man must be a twin brother to William Boyd;--I've never met him yet.

Adele Woolard

Tall, with curley hair would be perfect, but if he were a midshipman--that would be divine.

Ella Sanborn

My ideal boy friend is one who is popular throughout the school, and who, above all, is a perfect gentleman.

Audrey Bernhardt

Everyone has an ideal beau. For me, he must have certain qualifications; otherwise, he is out of the race. Whether he is blond or brunette, he must be tall. He must not be too handsome, for conceit usually accompanies this quality. At all times, he must wear a cheery smile, and above all, be well-educated.

Augusta Kaiser

My ideal boy doesn't necessarily have to be handsome, but must be neat and attractive. He must be fond of sports and a moderately good dancer, and excuse himself when I step on his toes. He must be mannerly and an interesting talker, (not about school) with a little bit of that scarce material, brains.

Virginia Cooke

My ideal Boy Friend must be a gentleman in every way. He must have a good education which would enable him to hold a high position in life. He must have a good-natured disposition, and enjoy clean sport. He must have a winning personality and be good-looking, preferably. However, I never expect to find him.

Evelyn Koch

My ideal will be whatever God gives me.

Margaret Beckett

My ideal boy friend must have brown eyes and broad shoulders. He must be at least 5ft.-6 inches. He must not talk more than 15 minutes in one call on the phone. Such is my ideal.

Grace Walther

My ideal boy friend is a gentlemen at all times, a neat dresser, interested in sports and a good dancer.

Mary Margaret Henry

School News

Glee Club

There is a series of assemblies in progress in which the combined Glee Clubs of Washington High Schools will be featured. Each school club will be assisted by the rest of the clubs at an assembly in its school. These assemblies are eagerly awaited in every school as something worth while.

The Junior Glee Club, which was so delightfully conspicuous before Christmas, has settled back into comparative obscurity and occasional rehearsals "just to keep in form."

Phi Alpha Epsilon

"Ye Olde Brawne and Bran (?) of ye former days at Eastern," in other words the Alumni, were present in numbers along with active (very) members at a dance, December 30, in the Hotel Roosevelt.

Horns and whiskers are still the order of the day for certain prospective members.

Epsilon Mu Sigma

The E. M. S. boys ate (and how) at the Capitol Park Hotel, December 27.

The next night (guess the date) the same gentlemen conducted female personages to the Franklin Square hostelry, there to move with measured tread to a musical accompaniment. (authentic-Webster.)

Girls' Rifle Team

Feminine superiority is again exhibited by the number of medals the individuals of the Girls' Rifle Club have recently captured. Some of these "markswomen" have three medals apiece. This is partly ascribed to the fact that the girls, being fewer in number than the boys, have more time to practice.

Section Representatives Important

It is obvious that, in any school which attempts self-rule, the teachers must have some direct representative, some connecting link, between the students and themselves. Eastern achieves this by means of the section representatives, who are chosen by the various section teachers to represent their own class in conference with Mr. Hart. There are some fifty-nine of these conferees this year, and they are listed below with their sections.

8th semester-

Esther Rankin 122
Vernon Wayland 317
Albert Hartstall 113

7th semester-

Augusta Kaiser 221
Robert Burns 208
Ralph Watt 332
Evelyn Eller 217
Hazen Shea 210

6th semester-

Fred Fisher 225
Isidore Hoddes 315
Virginia Facer 224

5th semester-

Max Miller 213
Bernadette Achstetter 228
Lawrence Pumphrey 206
Marion Fick 207
Genevieve Spence 327
Richard Tenelly 220

4th semester-

Alice Adams 209
Marie Angelico 129
Ellen Souder 124
Elizabeth Anderson 118
Adolphus Worley 315
Ruth Lile 315
William Rabbit 318

3rd semester-

Raymond Herdon 108
Charles Chamberlain 214
Louise Robbins 322
Gladys Jett 117
Lynda Swain 216

Grace Pascoe 115
Louise Schmid 114
Frances Moore 219
William Steiner 227
Grant Hagen 223
Ralph Ruffner 330
Charles Vincent 326
Helen Harbaugh 22
Nellie Roberts 120
Frank Plager 328
Roberta Thomas 8
Frances Haines 320
Grace Coakley 320
Julia Meyers 6
Frances Farina 119
Jeanette Tuscombe 121
Ellen Elliot 329
Ruth Slye 24

2nd semester-

William Mutscher 12
Mildred Duryee 215
Margaret Roberts 319
Franklin Breezbart 111
Marie Verdi 321
Edwin Beequirt 126
Ruth Hientz 116
Dorothy Gatewood 229
Katherine Garrett 125
Maurice Risley 111

1st semester-

Edward Norclo 226

Les Camerades

The Girls of the Les Camerades Club had a taffy pull in the Domestic Science Department.

The officers of this club are:

President, Virginia Cooke; Vice-President, Dorothy Lederer; Treasurer, Beryl Hackley; Social Chairman, Mableanne Goddard; Social Service Chairman, Ida Cannon; Program Chairman, Margaret Payne; Music Chairman, Grace Walther; Council Representative, Virginia Serrier.

There are four meetings a month. The first is a business meeting, the second, a program meeting, the third, social service, and the last just a convivial get-together.

Lunchroom

The mad rush for ice cream cones is no more, the drug store cowboys now feel at home, and last but not least, the teachers have to help themselves.

Has the reporter become mentally deranged? Is this a Googleheim contest? Calm yourself. For the benefit of a stricken public it is announced that the lunchroom has a new ice cream cone stand to relieve the popular old one. Two new soda straw dispensers have been installed and the teachers now have an electric plate burner to make coffee on. This saves the girls the trouble and gives "los profesores" a chance to prove their art.

Les Camarades

This club is doing good social service work for orphans this year. The money for this work will be raised by a Valentine Tea Dance. Part of the money will be used to send a council representative to the Willmington, Del. conference.

Science Club

"Butterflies," "Atomic Structure" and "Radio" are some of the subjects entered in the Science Club Essay Contest. The prize is a five dollar gold piece and scholastic glory for the best scientific essay of about 3000 words. Mr. Suter, "Doc" Rothermel, and Miss Wilkins are the judges. The contest ends on April 15.

Debating Society

Several temporary changes have been made in the supervision of the Debating Society until the Oratorical Contest is nearly over. Mrs. Hall is substituting for Miss Bucknam, whose spare time is and will be occupied with the afore mentioned contest. Mrs. Hall is aided by Mrs. Metzler, who is responsible for the continuation of the membership drive.

The best debaters of the club are entered in the Oratorical Contest. Another victory for Eastern, we hope!

Another "Cheshire Cheese"

In the latter part of the eighteenth century a certain inn in London, named the "Cheshire Cheese," was made famous by Dr. Samuel Johnson and his club of intellectual highlights who gathered there for refreshment and reflection.

Now in the twentieth century a certain unique eating-house at the corner of 11th and E streets, northwest, is becoming prominent because of a number of Easternites. To them it is known as "Villovitch," a word of Vulgarian origin. Quite frequently one can see these boys from Eastern seated at a table at "Villovitch," munching succulent sausages and sipping rich milk, with brief intermissions for the discussion of school politics or girl friends.

All that remains is for Howard Lady to become a second Boswell and immortalize the club and its meeting-place, "Villovitch."

Boys Rifle Club

Moans, howls, and gnashing of teeth are still heard from the cool, smoky depths of the rifle range. Dire muttering and sinister threats float upward. The boys never have gotten over their match with girls. (Because of fear of bombing, the publication will not print the results.)

The other day the National Rifle Association matches were held. The following are the first three boys and their scores: Henry Bauer-95, Frank Rodger-93, and Elta Evans-92. The Captain, Frank Rodger, says the boys are improving. (Watch out, girls.)

A true Eastern spirit seems to have infected the Cadets. They are out to "get their men" and do some "gunning." The two battalions each have a rifle team.

Orchestra And Band

Music for the various and sundry exercises connected with Senior Day and Commencement is diligently practiced and improved daily by the orchestra and Mrs. Byram.

Our customary Tuesday band has

been transformed into the "Third Regiment Band" captained by Herbert Cooper, whose dark eyes and hair are remarkably adaptable to orchestra conducting. It would be hard to find a better drum-major than Charles Critchfield.

Cadets

The Cadets have been progressing rapidly until we now have five promising Companies. The uniforms have all arrived, so the boys all present a snappy appearance. The Regiment was recently inspected by Col. Dean. This was the regular army inspection which takes place once a year. Col. Dean says he is very favorably impressed by our Regiment.

On Wednesday, January, 18, th. Third Regiment, "Eastern's own," was formally presented to the unit commanders each gave a short speech. The Regimental flag and the American flag were presented to the Regiment. The Assembly was conducted very satisfactorily.

The annual war game series started at Eastern on Friday, January 13. In the first game the Staff met Company C. Companies A and F met in the second game of the elimination series. The third game of the first round brought together companies B and D. The winner of the elimination series enters the Brigade finals for the winning war game team. Eastern was represented last year by Captain Butler and his Company C team, winners of the 3rd Regiment elimination series. Captain Butler and his team achieved 2nd place in the brigade series. It is hoped that the winning team this year will do even better than that.

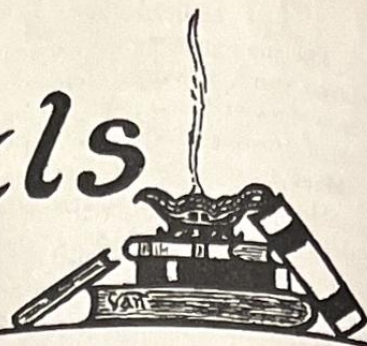
Incidentally, the best dance of the the season was given by the Regiment in the armory February, 10.

Phi Pi Epsilon

The girls of Phi Pi Epsilon had a dance at the Beaver Dam Country Club, February 17. At the time of the writing of this article (February 6), as far as we are concerned, the dance was a howling success.



Editorials



A Reputation to Uphold

In a recent letter to the Superintendent of Schools, Dean E. Gordon Bill, Director of Admissions of Dartmouth College, made the following statement concerning high-school graduates who entered the freshman year of that university during the period of 1915 - 1926:

"I have recently made a detailed study of the grades made at Dartmouth College during the first semester of freshman year by the classes which entered during the period 1915--1926, and I am sure that you will be interested in the results.

"The District of Columbia during this period has sent us 63 men from her public schools and their scholastic average for the first semester of freshman year ranks second among all states. Rhode Island, which sent us 33 men during the period ranked first, Massachusetts with 1,294 men ranked third, and Iowa with 51 men ranked fourth."

We thought it worth printing this bit of verse, written by a Central boy.

That young Cain killed Brother Abel
Is no doubt an ancient fable;
But what difference does it make if it's not true?
For the lesson we get by it
Is enough to justify it:
It's that murder's not the proper thing to do.
And some folks are quite insistent
That the Flood was non-existent;
But it doesn't make a difference worth a pin;
For the moral of the story
Is: The good shall live in glory,
While the the sinners shall get punished for their sins.
Now these guys who try to feed us
That the Bible tales mislead us,
I'm afraid won't be successful in their aim;
For in spite of all their holler,
You can bet your bottom dollar
That the stories teach their lesson just the same.

TOM DIXCY.

A Word On Crushes

This is the season of the year when a student seems, like his program, particularly demoralized. Having slept off several tests, the Latin shark promptly forgets the details, while the English wonder has apparently never had the pleasure of his lesson's acquaintance. And thus it happens that the said Latin shark and English wonder may be discovered either in their respective class nibbling the end of a fountain pen and gazing soulfully at the "cutie" across the aisle, or getting programs changed to include the aforementioned cutie.

All of which would be perfectly safe and proper if the teacher only understood that love does not stoop to recitations; but unfortunately, she does not. Teachers are like that. And so the new-made poet and exalted one often enter entangling alliances with "d's".

Members of the Noble Order of Crush-carriers, why not wait until Spring? By that time your reputations will be established, and you can better afford the luxury of love. Better still, your One Great Passion may be more receptive. What was it Mr. A. Tennyson said about fancy and the Springtime?

R. B.

Around The School

The other day Miss Culbertson walked right up to the candy counter and bought a bag of peanuts.

The new Fords have yet to displace the old ones at Eastern. Hope Henry doesn't go broke!

Our little "Baby F" Company distinguishes its weekly prize squad by a blue pennant with a white F on it. Company C was quick to follow a good idea.



Silhouettes



Miss Wilkins

Miss Lewanna Wilkins, our quiet, unassuming biology teacher, does not have the outward appearance of an Alpinist or explorer, yet such were her experiences before coming to Eastern. One summer that will stay long in her memory was spent in a biological camp on Mt. Shasta, California, where she was employed in making a survey of the plant and animal life of the region. Miss Wilkins, of course, was the botanist there. Each morning, equipped with a western pony and hobnailed shoes, together with collecting equipment, she would set out scouring the nearby mountains for specimens of plant life. Half of the time it was necessary for her to scale the slopes where the pony could not go. This was dangerous work at times, especially in the higher ranges. In the evenings, after supper, camp-fire stories were in order, to be followed by an early taps and a plunge in the warm sleeping bags amid the hemlock boughs.

As might be expected, there were thrills aplenty;—the mountain lilies blooming in the snow, the discovery of an uncharted glacier or the sudden surprise of a deer family. Often the humming-birds, little jewels of bird-dom, would mistake the red sweaters of some of the biologists for cardinal flowers and proceed to search for nectar.

Miss Wilkins also has spent summers in some of our national parks, in Alaska and in Wood's Hole, Massachusetts. In these trips, her greatest pleasure was in exploring the wonders of nature and climbing the snow-clad mountains and glaciers.

Mr. Guilford

Our illustrious history instructor, Mr. Guilford, was born right here in our nation's capitol. After finishing a course in Business High School in 1913, he attended, and in 1915 finished a course in the Washington Normal School. His education was interrupted about September 17, 1917, when he entered the War. Upon leaving the army, June 11, 1919, he started to attend George

Miss Egbert

Our English and journalism teacher, Miss Egbert, was born at Buffalo, New York. She was educated in the District schools, though, and was graduated from Central; later from Wilson Normal, where she was class poet; and from George Washington University. She did undergraduate work at West Virginia and Pennsylvania Universities, and has done graduate work at Harvard, American University, and the University of Wisconsin. It was at the latter that she studied journalism.

Miss Egbert was greatly interested in music at an early age and intended to make this her life work, having planned to go to Germany to complete her study of it. However, she became interested in literature while in high school and, lucky for us, she changed her plans.

Her fondness for dogs, especially ugly bulls, is second only to her hobby for travelling, of which she has done a great deal.

Miss Hardy

Miss Hardy is another proof that precious gifts come in small packages. She is one of our most valuable teachers, this little lady who runs the bank.

Our "financiere" was born in Winchester, Va. There she received her education. She went to G.W.U. and taught here in the graded schools before coming to Eastern.

Her hobbies are the "puddle-jumper" and the "shack." She takes frequent trips in her Ford. Last summer she went to Canada, and she often goes up to her shack on the river, where she indulges in her love of the outdoors by paddling and swimming.

Washington University, and finished in 1921. Mr. Guilford started to teach in 1915 when he finished Normal School, and, by the way, teaching history is his hobby. We admire his taste.

SPORTS



Business Game

Eastern successfully performed her little role in the play, "Business vs. Eastern." The Lincoln Parkers easily won their first game in Inter-scholastic Basketball series by defeating the Business aggregation by a 34-16 margin. The Guyonites seemed to be the masters of the situation from the start.

"Teddy" Cappelli, star forward, started his scoring streak by accumulating 13 points. Cappelli displayed brilliant form in his ability to baffie "Charlie" May, Business' star guard.

"Chick" Essex distinguished himself with some beautiful pot shots. The girls held their breath as the ball left "Chick's" hands to sink through the basket without touching the rim.

Although Coach Guyon ran a different team in the first quarter, the combination that was most effective was:

Cappelli	-----	r.f.
Hoffman	-----	l.f.
Bushong	-----	c.
Essex	-----	r.g.
Shapiro	-----	l.g.

Eastern-Business Game

Business pulled one of the biggest surprises of the series when she nosed out Eastern by a 27-25 score in the second game of the series between the two schools. Beautiful and unusual basketball on the part of Business was the only thing which defeated Eastern by the small margin.

This is the first game of the series in which Cappelli failed to make more than ten points. Effective guarding by "Jakie" Lewis held this brilliant flash to a pair of two-pointers.

"Chick" Essex and "Cy" Horgarth were seen for the last time in Eastern's uniform during this game. Eastern can never forget the great

service these boys have done for the school. Their absence from line-up will undoubtedly be felt.

Eastern-Central Games

The well-trained Central quintet twice proved itself superior to Eastern's excellent set of tossers. Both games were close and well played; neither of them was decided until the final whistle blew. Eastern's first defeat was the larger of the two being 44-33. The second game, a neck-to-neck struggle, saw Eastern nosed out by a 28-24 score.

Both games held but one star, Teddy Cappelli. In the first battle "Cap" registered thirteen points while in the second, being handicapped by a wrenched knee, he was able to collect only eleven markers.

Forest Burgess, forward, and "Ben" Burch, center, were the outstanding Central players.

BASEBALL PROSPECTS

As usual about this time of the year, basketball starts to stop and baseball begins to start. The players whose absence will be felt most are Langhenry, McAllister, Knorr, and Quinn.

Andy Oehman, stellar twirler, will pilot this year's nine. Other pitching talent will be found in Faber and Hanna. Billy Wood is likely to be seen wearing the "muzzle and bib" behind home plate.

In the infield we are apt to see Munro at first, and Lisenski at second. Coach may have some trouble in filling up the hole at short, but Hook, Kessler, and Fisher are possible applicants for this assignment. Cappelli will attempt to cool the hot corner at third.

Finding fly chasers for the wide open spaces will be a problem only Coach can solve. Shapiro, Matth-

Eastern-Tech Game

With speed of a hurricane, the alertness of an eagle, and the headwork of a wizard, the Eastern High School tossers swept Tech, the "doped" winners, before them in the final basketball game of the first circuit. The scene of action was the Arcadia and the game was unusually well attended. Although the Lincoln Park quintet did not overwhelm its opponent, it handed it the "red hot" defeat of 38-35.

"Ted" Cappelli, even though a small sort of chap, proved entirely too big for Tech to handle. "Cap" added nineteen points to his sensational scoring list making his total sixty-two. It was no one else than Cappelli who tore down the floor during final period to score the basket which broke the 35-35 deadlock and decided the issue. Ted also looped a free toss which gave Eastern the three point lead which they held until the whistle blew.

"Heinie" Hoffman, Eastern's other stellar forward, distinguished himself by scoring eleven points. "Chick" Essex continued his accurate shooting which has made him prominent.

Eastern showed the excellence of sportsmanship that should be characteristic of our school. There was very little "booing" of the referee and of opposing players attempting foul shots. THE EASTERNER wishes to congratulate the student body on its fine conduct.

ewes, Hoffman, McDuffy, Eagle, and Ryan are all seeking positions in the outfield.

Of course these are the only known candidates. Many new faces will be seen when the call is issued. The only remark that Coach made was, "The prospects look good."



Capelli's Idea of man

Man is but a worm! He appears on the scene, wriggles a bit, and then some chicken grabs him.

"My husband is never happy when I am out of his sight."

"Mine doesn't trust me either."

Lost: A girl who answers to the name, "Evelyn," (last name unknown) If found, please report to Franklin Jamieson, room 225? Jennette Seiler had better watch out.

Ouch!

Motor Cop (to fair motorist): You were speeding. I've got to pinch you.

Fair Motorist: Well, if you must, do it where it won't show.

It Hurts

Mr. Shorts' Assistant: Just give your key to the gentleman in there.

Perplexed Stude: But there's no one in there except Mr. Shorts.

Her Inspiration

Miss Knee (in history class) to Douglas George: Douglas, I wish you wouldn't interrupt me! I have something on my mind I want to say and when I look at you I forget all I ever knew.

Page Mr. Flinn

The business office force wants to know if Sodom and Gomorrah are two men characters in the Bible.

Kind Neighbors

Stranger at the door: Good morning, madam. I--er--a--came to tune your piano.

Genevieve Spence: To tune my piano? Why, I didn't send for you.

Stranger: No, but--a--the neighbors, you know, madam, suggested that I had better call.

A student flunked in all five of his subjects. He telegraphed his sister: Failed in all five. Prepare father.

He received this reply: Dad prepared. Prepare yourself.

Charlie Johnson: What would you do if I kissed you?

Margaret Becket: I'd call Dad.

Charlie: Then I guess I won't.

Margaret: But father isn't home.

Hayden: What ancient city does my girl remind you of?

Nally: Babble-on, my lad, babble-on.

Truth in Advertising

Wife: You seem disappointed with your parcel.

Husband: Yes, I answered an advertisement or a device to keep down gas bills, and the firm sent me a paper-weight.

James Brooks: I could go on dancing this way, forever.

His inspiration: Oh no, you're bound to improve in time.

Young Lady (entering store): Where can I get a petticoat?

Floor Walker: Sixth floor, Miss. Antique department.



Jane Menefee offers proofs that girls *do* prefer cadets. William Markey "belongs."

When you see Cynthia Eldridge hurrying home immediately after 2:30, don't be misled. She hasn't made any resolutions. She's merely expecting a letter from Shellie.

As far as we know, Irene Swan hasn't found any hero who can explain math, but she ought to know all about basketball by now.

Gee, the socks those girls are wearing! Did you see Margaret Nolan's red ones?

Warning! Don't ask Carl Drescher what he thinks of girls' basketball. He'll probably bite your head off.

Ever since the Christmas holidays Marie Angelico has been wearing a very good looking diamond ring.

Don't you think that V. M. I. sweater Helen Terrell has been wearing is quite sharp? And, by the way, Helen, where did you get it?

Dorothy Thume's highest ambition is to have Eastern's rifle team win the championship this year so she will get one of those darling pins which the champions receive.

Lillian Allen and Ronald Van Tine have been seeing quite a lot of each other, here lately, thanks to Johnny Davis and his Ford.

That little brunette sophomore, Adolphus Worley, seems to be the most popular with certain boys of 318-4.

Marion Heeke, walking unconcernedly down the halls, has caused more than one feminine heart to turn a flip flop. And it isn't *only* because he looks so much like big-brother Angus, either.

Bobby Willis, our handsome little usher, is proving a good advertisement for the Fox.

Have you been down to the Congressional Library lately? It looks like an Eastern reunion with Hazen Shea, Carleton Stein, Boots Scruggs, Alpheus Walters and James Dietz dashing around. And no wonder so many girls are suddenly finding it necessary to appear so often at the library!

Thatcher sits in the assembly hall every day with "a girl in a green dress." Pat Dunnigan saw her and now is attempting to make time in that direction.

Now we know why all the girls have been so excited here of late. Weston Shipstead, former Easternite, is back from the "wide open spaces," driving his big Packard.

We'd wait for the mailman, too, every morning, if we had a boy friend in college, "way down south" in Georgia. Meaning Margaret Smith and ah-er-oh, well, can't you guess?

Eastern's latest dancing sensation, Mr. Martin Casper, the baby sheik. Can he dance, and how!

"Got a dime or a car-token?" The familiar cry heard after school when a certain group of girls decide to take in a movie, after school.

Have you ever noticed how soulfully Mary Bollman greets "Skinny" Didden?

Seen in the ten-cent-store—"Charlie" Johnson and Jessie Bradley-oh, but not together!

Odell Senart and Marjorie Crown seem to be hitting it off, "rather nicely", don't they?

Leo ("Mike") McCarthy seems to be causing quite a few "heart flip-flops" around the school.

These girls who don't know how to tie a necktie are getting to be quite a nuisance. We notice that Alice Imlay has forgotten (or maybe she never knew) how to tie hers, and a young man seems to be giving her lessons.

Johnny Doerr has lowered himself to the position of water-boy. We suppose he raised the opinion of some of the girls at York in regard to the men at Eastern.

We are all glad to see Elois Rogers back at Eastern after her illness.

Margaret Nolan met "Cac" Curtin, viewed his "car" (?) and now her happiness is complete. In other words, she's in love again.

"Granny" Wilkinson, that dashing, gallant of the raven hair, escorted our diminutive Ursula Hancock to a party. There was much hilarity over their amusing difference in height, but it seemed to trouble them not in the least.

Helen (Goo-Goo) Geiger seems to have completely swept Bert Smith off his feet. Maybe it's the real thing at last.

Isadore Love seems to be living up to his rather advantageous name when it comes to such charming lassies as Sylvia Donavitz.

"Tubby" Crow, mighty sheik, has deigned to bestow the honors on a lucky young girl by the name of Ruth Brady. Let's wish her luck in keeping him.

Velma Bradford seems to have exerted her charms to good advantage. "El" Clark was around when Velma was at her high water mark. Just peep in the Auditorium sometime during the fifth period.

In his first semester at Eastern, Wallace Talcott has won quite a name for himself in the band and orchestra.

David isn't very confiding but lately we have been catching glimpses of him with Ethel Hossler.

Lily Wallace seems to believe in the wise, old adage, "Variety is the spice of life." References: Sam and Al.

With Section 216

"Dopey" Stetson, the big blonde of Section 216, has broken more hearts than Babe Ruth has knocked home runs.

"Spird" Tate, our professional foot-ball player, has signed up to play left end on Mr. Collins' Gym Team.

"Pinky" Hill was heard out in our alley practicing for the annual Fall Show of the Circuit Order of the Billygoats.

"Stoggy" Stehr is the sheik of Nastycostia.

"Skinny" Rogerson, the famous track star of Section 216, was seen chasing golf-balls at East Potomac Park.

"Scotchman" Robey plays basketball. He enjoys the free-throws.

The "Vamp of Eastern," Helen Magee says;
 "Ashes to Ashes
 Dust to Dust,
 If Cappelli doesn't get me,
 Elta Evans must."

"Biggy" Procter is the model of "Why Girls Leave Home."

Robert Hess was seen practicing for his act "trying to make his ears wiggle."

Another year gone bad--Elmer Marceron has left the cadets. Tough.

Something seems to be weighing heavily on "Patrick" Seidenberg's mind, and making him build air castles in class. Can it be that he's dreaming of moonlight nights to come with a lady?

Al Tolson's a fast worker. At first, it was a rookie, but now, we learn with pride, it's a senior. What are the odds?

Come, prepare, get out your handkerchiefs. Dot Dunmire and Hazen Shea haven't been seen together much lately. What really happened that New Year's night, anyway?

Franklin Jamieson, that obvious-looking Irishman, seems to have swallowed somebody hook, line, and sinker. Do you know Jennette Seiler, that cute little girl who always wears cute dresses with cute do-funnies down the side and has a cute look in her eyes? Well now!

—Poets' Corner—

Young Washington

Upon a high hill he stands, and looks across
To the shining thread of river, far away:—
He knows they are there, the boats;
His heart goes out to them—
His heart is carried past them
And is, one, with the pier, the ships, the green
transparent water,
And sunset melting into it in the distance.
But—he has promised!
Behind him is a house with its high pillars and
white, soft curtains;
Behind him is the love that he accepts lightly.
—It is his by right.
Before him is the river: far off, the sea—
For the moment he has known Space, and glimpsed
Eternity
And his breath is quick, his eyes dark with
prophecy,
But—he has promised—

RUTH BELL, '28

The Pioneers

They braved the unknown dangers of the West
And set their tiny houses on its soil.
They did not fear but tried to do their best
To keep themselves alive by honest toil.
For there was bitter struggle there for years—
Against disease and every other foe,
But they had faith, those sturdy pioneers;
They wished to see their little country grow.
And so they stayed, through all the length of days,
Until at last they gained what they had sought,
Posterity can never live to learn
How dearly all that great wide land was bought.
And so today because that little band
Was brave enough to break off from the rest,
We have their dream, a country rich and great
That stretches from the East unto the West.

Dorothy Secrest, '29

Song

I know a song that will not be forgotten,
It comes to me again and again, blowing through
me
Like a clean-washed wind from over the sea.
It comes—goes, taking my breath with it,
And I forget.

That Hot Mystic Moon

"'Tis twilight and the twinkling stars
Are peeping through the sky;
A merry note bursts from the throat
Of a bob-o-link on high.
A moon there is a-shining bright
Down on the mystic bay;
A maid there is a-standing right
Out in the moonbeam's sway.
Her form as fair as any nymph,
Her hair a golden sheen,
Her eyes as bright as the stars at night,
A regular fairy queen!
As she stands thus in the moonlight
Looking far off and away,
She sees a canoe in a flash of light—
Within, her lover gay.
He spies her away in the distance
And comes like a streak of light;
He's out on the shore with a mocking bow
To his sweetheart in the night.
"Come on, hop in," he cries in glee,
And promptly she replies,
"Indeed, I will in a jiffy,"
And hops in by his side.
Oh, the moonlight on the water
And a canoe on the bay
With a twang of a banjo to start'em!
And thus they're on their way.
Oh, the gentle lapping of the wave,
The splash made by the oar,
A weird touch to the atmosphere gave
And troubles were no more,
The mystic moon did its work that night
Down on the calm cool bay
And Johnnie pleaded with all his might,
And she became Mrs. Jay.

MADeline REED, '29

Sometimes it breaks around me, clinging
As a cobweb caught against one's face,
Binding.....invisible.
I hear it in the push of waves against a boat.
And it is soft in a baby's laugh,
It rounds in and out of the beat of drums
Muffled with rhythm of Death
With its laughter subdued.

But on the long road
With dew on the ground and morning in the sky,
It is Life, laughing at Death!

RUTH BELL, '28

The Ballad of the Maid of 1778

Philadelphia,
In seventy-eight,
Hope Brown,
Hunting a mate.

Demure and prim,
Nothing shocking;
Very charming,
Old maids mocking.

Down the street,
Eyes cast down,
Where was she going?
Just down town.

* * *

Home at dusk,
Succeeded well;
Found a beau;
He certainly fell,
How did she do it?
Don't be silly,
A mild flirtation
To get her "Willie."

Yet, rather demure,
And very charming,
Still quite winsome,
And very disarming.

"Girls are girls;" you can't fool me.
It makes no difference in time,
For whenever a girl attempts to flirt
She can do it, with reason and rhyme.

Helen M. Swick, '29

The Ballad of the Maid of 1928

Philadelphia,
In twenty-eight,
A modern girl
Hunting a mate.

Compact handy,
Stockings sheer;
Very confident--
Nothing to fear.

Down the street--
Eyes alert,
Hunting a chance
To be a flirt.

* * *

Home at dusk,
Succeeded well;
Found a beau;
He certainly fell.
How did she do it?
Don't be silly,
A mild flirtation
To catch her "Billie."

Yet, very pretty,
Fixed up with cosmetics,
And quite slim
With her dietetics.

A Tragedy

A lady and her gallant knight were riding side by side.
The gallant asked the lady fair if she would be his bride.
She cast her eyes upon the ground and said she hardly knew.
He put his arm about her waist and vowed his love was true.

Just then the car swerved off the road
And down the bank did roll.
The moral is: Drive with both hands
Or you may lose control.

Dorothy Secrest, '29

Alumni

The Alumni Reunion

The Alumni Association held its annual reunion on December 22, 1927. The festivities were preceded by a business meeting. The play, "The Killer," which was shown before the school, was presented for the alumni. This was followed by a basket ball game between Eastern and Gonzaga, and dancing in the armory.

Notes

Several of Eastern students took part in the musical comedy, "Sharps and Frats," recently given at Wardman Park by students of George Washington University. They were Beryl Edmiston, Catherine Arends, Dorothy Schencken, and Virginia Barrett.

Larry Parker, the author of the play, graduated from Eastern in 1920.

We also hear at G. W. that Hardie Seay, George Roth, Frank Scrivener, Charles Davies, Frank Kreglow, and Herbert Angel were elected to the Journalistic Honorary Fraternity, Phi Delta Epsilon.

Eastern is well-represented at Maryland University. Marye D. Boyd, Lyman Brashears, Paul Butz, Robert S. Camera, Robert L. Chaney, Charles F. Cashell, Reverdy J. Clagett, Joseph M. Cosimano, William L. Crentz, Conrad E. Grohs, Mildred A. Kettler, Charles E. Kohler, Hilda E. Koontz, Margaret McGarvey, Joseph L. Ratcliffe, Robert J. Reedy, Harold S. Rhind, William E. Robert, Edgar H. Swick, Gasper M. Torasio, Roberta Willard, and Hayden Norwood are now studying at that University.

At Georgetown University we have Harold Curran, Edward Ferguson, and Edward Tracey.

William F. O'Brien is attending St. Bonaventure's College in New York.

Annie L. Pickert attends Wesleyan College.

John Quinn (known as "Biggie" Quinn) is going to Georgia School of Technology.

Sarah Frances Robinson is going to the Mississippi State College for women.

Neta V. Turner is a student nurse at Sibley Hospital.

Eastern is represented at the Carnegie Institute of Technology by Henry A. Talbert and John G. Davies.

Audrey Schulz is studying at Syracuse University.

Alton Denslow goes to Catholic University, Alvin Graves to the University of Virginia, Catharine Schroeder to Farmville Teachers' College, Ida Homiller and Frances Wright to the Washington School for Secretaries, and Albert Bean and Eugene Howe to the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia.

Eleanor Hoffman, who, during her years at Eastern, had a practically perfect scholastic record, is in her freshman year at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa.

Bruce Kessler and Harold Scruggs, former Eastern basketball stars, are shining again at American University. Scruggs used to be the "goat" in the Coach's little "stories."

Edwin Moore, one of our orchestra pianists in 1922-23, has been taken into Dr. Davidson's famous glee club. He is taking a special course in harmony as well as methods and music history at Harvard.

He has a good position as church organist and is able to finance his entire course without assistance.

The students will be interested to know that Miss Bertha L. Gardner, a well known member of the faculty, was awarded a place in the international contest conducted by the George H. Doran Book Co. for poems in honor of the Lindbergh flight. Miss Gardner's contribution was "A Ballad of Earth and Sky."

All Straight

Doctor: Did that medicine straighten your husband out all right?

Wife: Yes, we buried him yesterday.

Marriages

Miss Mary Kirby, '22, and Mr. Raymond Hutchinson, '22, on November 25, 1927.

Imogene Lucille Wood, '21, to Rev. Henry John Muelier.

George Ellis, '15, and Miss Hazel Thibadean. April 16, 1927.

Elener C. Metz, '23, to Howard K. Shaw, June 5, 1926.

Louise Anderson, 2-year class of '25, to Harold Denison.

Carrol Flohr, '22, and Laura Beasely, March 9, 1927.

Winifred Sponsler, '23, to Robert Lee Sims. Martha Scruggs, '25, was their Maid of Honor.

Births

To Mr. Hulbert K. Bisselle and Mrs. Alice Ashford Bisselle, '19, a son on September 5, 1927.

To Raymond Copley, Ex-'23, and Mrs. Copley, a son.

To Guy Morton Neely, '18, U. S. N., and Mildred M. Neely, '20, a son.

To Hubert Bunyea, '05, and Mrs. Bunyea, a son.

My Friends

Cynthia

A golden butterfly
Touched with purple,
Flitting in the sunshine,
Hovering o'er fragrant flowers,
Flashing and darting,
While all eyes follow her flight—
Is Cynthia.

Aggie

A slender or vivid flame,
Brilliant, never vain,
Dancing and swaying,
Gleefully playing,
Happily singing--
Love for you's ringing
Deep in my heart.

Catherine Bixler, '29

FACULTY NOTES

"Eastern's Faculty Indirectly Caused Mr. Guilford to Resign as Head of Lunch Room."

This surprising statement met my eyes the other evening in bold print as a headline of the "Daily Bugle."

The author was Mr. Guilford himself, and I was surprised to find the true reasons for his resignation. The article read like this:

"I certainly was glad to be rid of that thankless position as head of the lunch room. When I first took this position I didn't realize that the reasons for many teachers eating in the EASTERNER room was due to the fact that Coach Guyon was determined to struggle over his soup every day, and thus greatly annoy them.

"I found out after I took my position that Mr. Shorts bought such an enormous lunch that they found it hard to supply him. I investigated this case, and found that much of this went to the public library room, and it served as lunch for two instead of one.

"Miss Baldwin bought her daily grapefruit, and insisted on squirting the juice in the eyes of the surrounding faculty.

"Miss Boyd and Miss Walter were constantly complaining to me that Miss Culbertson ate all the chocolate ice cream and cake. Miss Hazelton was continually insisting that her coffee be made stronger while Mrs. Hall wanted all the cream.

"At any time during the lunch hour that you hear a hissing sound look over in the corner, and you will see Mr. Collins with his bread and coffee.

"The one thing, however, that gave courage was the shining spot of the lunch room, Mr. Flinn's bald head.

"Miss McMahon ate her peas with a knife, and gave a disappointed cry every time one rolled off on the table. Mr. Suter always bought a salad, and was determined to eat the lettuce which invariably slid off the plate, and all around the table, causing quite a confusion among the teachers."

EXCHANGES

February

So many exchanges have been received by this department that it is quite a task to read them all and choose the best articles. We have received papers from schools in states as far away as Oregon, Arkansas, South Carolina, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin. Thus, you can see that the EASTERNER does a good deal of travelling. Here are the three best exchange pieces.

Education—A Great Opportunity

Education means almost everything in life today. No one can enjoy real life unless he has an education. At school we learn to live right and in a way that will make life a pleasure. The uneducated man has hardly any opportunities. He can do no mental work and must do hard labor every day to support himself. Then, school is a great opportunity. With an education one can make use of what one knows, and work only a few hours a day and reap a greater reward than the uneducated man. One also has the opportunity to rise to a greater height on the ladder of fame.

— *The Lake Viewer*

Leadership

Leaders of men we all would be;
Then we should ever try
To be as good a follower,
Nor seek an alibi.

Obedient we should ever be
In all our work or play;
And do what we are asked to do
In prompt and cheerful way.

A leader never fails to work,
But takes the lead in all.
His duty he will never shirk;
He answers every call.

— *The High Light*

"Peggy, my dear, I love you,"
He whispered sweet and low.
"Well, I'm glad it's Peggy—
But remember you're talking to Flo."

— *Archive*

November has just one great joy,
And that is for Thanksgiving.
December has, as you all know,
A day of days for giving.
Now February's the great month,
A month of months in story;
For many men were born that month,
Whose names have borne much glory.
Now Washington's the soul of truth,
A man for idolation;
His country first: himself came last,
The Father of our nation.
Another man who ranks as high,
In faith, in courage, in station,
Is Lincoln: to whom the great task fell
To hold intact a nation.

Two men come; together classed,
Whose pens wrote rich and mellow;
Whose work will echo ever more.
They're Lowell and Longfellow.

We have a character known to all
The younger folks in story;
Buffalo Bill, his own great self,
From the west, with all its glory.

Now last of all is Edison,
A man of great inventions.
His electric lights, his phonograph,
And lots I couldn't mention.

To February these all belong,
These great men named above,
And may she have a whole lot more
For America to love.

— *Voices of South High*

Young dentist about to kiss her goodnight,
when she modestly objects.

Y. D.--"Now, this isn't going to hurt you a bit."

— *Archive*

Isabella C.--"I have just been filing Ed's old love letters."

Isabella W.--"Were they as rough as all that?"

— *Archive*

Paul Went Forth to War

(continued from page 7)

where the company was dismissed. The Frenchman met him and led him to a small building labeled "headquarters." Here they sat down before an open fire and gradually Paul realized where he was and what he was doing.

"Tell me about yourself?" asked the Frenchman.

"That's easy," said Paul, brightening up with this new friendship. "I live in New York. My folks did everything for me, gave me a good education, plenty of money, and my father got me a fine job when I left college. But I did not want to work in an office. It was too boring; so when the United States declared war I enlisted. It was a cinch until I got out there," pointing toward the firing line.

"C'est la guerre," we say in France," observed the officer. "But we soldiers aren't the only ones who suffer. I have a little sister, --- beautiful, charming, young --- who recently met an American soldier while his regiment was at Mervilles. She fell in love with him and he with her. Now I wonder where he is. If he is alive he will go back to her as he promised. And she is waiting --- will always wait for him."

While the Frenchman mused thus, Paul listened intently. He had forgotten about Joan, just as he had forgotten about other girls. The name of the town, Mervilles, brought her to mind.

"You know, friend," he said to the officer, "I wonder if that soldier remembers your sister?"

"May he die on the field of battle if he doesn't. It were far better to break her heart that way. Ah, monsieur, you are pensive; are you in love?"

"I never have been until now," remarked Paul slowly, "but what you've said has made me think." He sat up straight. "Monsieur l'officier, you have been very kind to me. I thank you for it."

For several days Paul and the French officer were intimate companions. The Frenchman talked to Paul in a philosophical way which made the latter think-- but not speak. The horror of battle, and the friendly attitude of the officer had

wrought a change in him. Joan was waiting and he would go back to her. He might atone for his past fickleness by keeping faith with her.

But while the two men spent pleasant days together thus, the artillery still boomed and the armies still fought. Late, one afternoon, an order came to return to the front. A combined attack of English, French, and American troops was to take place that night.

Again the bugles blew, again the command "fall in" was given, and the air was filled with the nervous chattering of "We're moving back in" --- "More filth" --- "Hope the Heinies don't get us, Buddy." After the tedious ride in the trucks there came a long march, and then the trenches.

The French "laisson" officer was still with Paul's company.

"It is well," said the Frenchman. "We will live through this attack, I trust. Do not worry, comrade."

"I must beg a favor of you, monsieur," Paul said in a nervous voice.

"Delighted to oblige you," replied the officer.

"It's just this. There's a girl in France whom I love. I have her picture, along with a slip of paper containing her address, in my coat pocket. If I should die, will you see that the picture is returned to her?"

"I shall."

"And tell her that she meant a lot to me -- that I love her."

"Monsieur, you are very moody. You'll come through all right."

"If that American who loves your sister should die a hero, would she be proud?" said Paul, disregarding his friend's remark.

"She would be proud of him and of his country," said the Frenchman.

A low murmur passed down the line. Two minutes -- then the zero hour. In the rear the artillery was thundering in impressive tones. Ahead, an occasional shell burst, a few rifles cracked, a machine-gun was spitting its deadly venom. Then for a moment an appalling silence fell on the land. The man on Paul's right, a big burly fellow, was

(continued from page 28)

breathing heavily. Another, who gave the appearance of a more sensitive nature, was as pale as a ghost—his pallid white lips were moving in silence, yet seeming to say, "Amen." To the left there was the French officer, a man now deadened to the shock of war, whose cool, calm features were outlined against a dim light further on. The thought struck Paul that this man somewhat personified the spirit of France, as he stood there in his blue uniform, his grim jaw set in defiance of a hostile race. While they stood thus, a light breeze stirred overhead—it seemed so peaceful there in that region of death. Somewhere far off Paul thought he heard a soldier singing the *Marseillaise*.

"She loves me," murmured Paul.

The screech of a whistle sounded and a line of human figures rose from the safety of the trenches to dash madly, fiercely, heroically, against a slaughterous fire of metal, burning and smoking as if with the hate it bore. Paul glanced at the Frenchmen every second or two, and once peered into the dark recesses of the infinite heavens. He smiled grimly. Suddenly there came a diabolical shower of machine-gun bullets and men dropped with oaths and cries, but the rest kept on. Faster and faster they went, frenzied with satanic joy. Steel now screamed about them with increasing fury. Paul gave a cry and darted forward, then—

There was a sharp twang—no more. The figure of the French officer hurried to Paul's side. The charging line of men had pressed on and now somehow seemed in another world. The officer lay down beside Paul's limp figure and took a locket and scrap of paper from the coat pocket. A pair of trembling hands opened the locket. A suppressed cry—the picture was his sister's.

He Who Gave More

(Continued from page 8)

in the heart of the spy and he arose and faced his general.

"General," he asked, "may I make one request?"

"What is it, Jack?" replied Lee.

"If I am killed, if I give my life also for

the Cause, will you tell Alice that I died for the South after all?"

"I promise it," said the General.

"Then I am ready to obey your orders immediately."

Lee called to the soldiers outside.

"I will provide for your escape tonight," the commander whispered as the guards entered.

That night the notorious traitor—deserter Captain Jack again crossed the border line picking his lone way through the darkness. Had any watched him on his journey they might have wondered why he paused in the clearings and raised his eyes to the pale white moon above him as if in silent pleading—and then went on.

Sketches of the Life of a Farmer

(Continued from page 10)

His wife had two children by her first husband, Patty and Jackey. Patty was considered very beautiful but she had poor health and finally died. At her death, the "farmer" had to send immediately to New York for Jackey, where he had gone to study.

Before going, Jack, although only seventeen, had fallen in love with Eleanor Calvert, who was even younger. It was agreed that after two years the two could marry, but when Jack returned in three months, they married immediately. It was **not long**, however, before Jack died. The "farmer" adopted two of his children, Nellie Custis and George Washington Parke Custis.

I suppose you wonder why I am telling you all of this about a mere farmer, but farmers can be more than farmer and this one was such. He was the first President of the United States.

Most people think of Washington as a marble statue on a pedestal rather than as a being of flesh and blood with human feelings, faults and virtues. He was a real man, and the greatest America has ever had.

VIRGINIA COOKE, '28

Mr. Flury: Johnson, what you need to do is to burn more midnight oil.

Johnson: I am. I'm burning lots of both gas and oil.

Dick Drops Out

(continued from page 12)

instructions he prepared for the flight. He was a little nervous at first, as the plane seemed very frail. He steadied himself, however, and signaled that he was all set. Mr. Jones, the pilot, after running the motor at top speed for a minute to see that it was in perfect order, taxied along the field for a hundred yards and soared beautifully into the air. After zooming to the height of five hundred feet, he flew along on an even keel and gave a terrific exhibition of speed. Then spiralling to two thousand feet above the ground, he went through a series of leaps, turns, twists, side-spins, tail-spins and nose dives that caused the spectators' hair to stand on end. The stout little plane would fall straight down at express speed, turning over and over. Then, at barely one hundred feet from the ground, it would right itself and go spiralling upwards in beautiful arcs. The pilot then dropped an American flag into the crowd and at this signal the mayor announced that the next and last stunt on the program would be a parachute drop by Mr. Smith from the height of twelve thousand feet!

Up and up went the plane into the deep blue sky until nothing could be seen below except a splotch which was the great crowd. The pilot cut off the motor and Dick stepped to the edge of the wing.

"I am going now," he said simply. The pilot nodded. Then seeing that everything was perfect with his parachute, Dick stepped off.

From below the spectators could barely see the plane. It seemed to be standing still. Nothing else could be seen in that vast field of ether. Then, below the plane a speck appeared, a mere dot. It seemed almost unbelievable that anyone would defy death, swinging into those gulfs of space.

Nearer and nearer he came until the people could see him clearly. The crowd scattered to give him room. Then, lightly as a feather, Dick's feet touched the earth.

On the instant, there was a great rush. Everybody wanted to get a look at the great Smith who had added new fame to himself that afternoon. There was absolute bewilderment and stupification as he pulled off his helmet and the crowd recognized the features of their own

townsman, Dick Farview! Dick it was who had so thrilled them as they had never been thrilled before, by feats that seemed the utmost of human daring!

Then the crowd went crazy. They fairly mobbed their hero, each wanting to hug him, to pound him, to do all that crowds do when they are swept away by excitement. They hoisted him on their shoulders and paraded up and down the field, until finally he was rescued by the aviation committee and led up on the mayor's stand, where he stood blushing and sheepish. The mayor cleared his throat and started.

"Dick Farview, the town is proud of you," he said. "You've topped this celebration and made it a huge success, just when it promised to end in a big disappointment. I want to express to you the thanks of all our people."

"It's—it's awfully good of you," stammered Dick, turning red in the face hardly knowing what to say. "If it's helped out a"—

"But there isn't much nourishment in thanks, however fervent it may be," went on the mayor with a smile. "We had promised to pay Smith one thousand dollars for himself, besides two hundred dollars for his assistant. I have here," he continued, taking a paper from his coat pocket, "a check for one thousand dollars. But instead of being made out to Smith, it bears the name of Richard Farview."

There was a cheer from the crowd as he handed the check to Dick who turned all colors of the rainbow. He was in utter confusion.

"But—but," he stammered struggling for breath, "I didn't expect a cent! I did it just so the people wouldn't be disappointed. I was glad to do it. I enjoyed it. You don't owe me anything. No, no, I can't take it."

The mayor laughed. Then he put on a frown of mock severity.

"Dick Farview," he said, "I'm the mayor of this town, and as a good citizen you'll do as I say or I'll find you guilty of something, call a constable and put you in jail." Then he laughed again. "It won't do, Dick," he went on. "We've aised the money, we expected to pay it, and you've given us full value for it. Why, if I didn't make you take it, the people would run me out of town!"

Someone in the crowd yelled,

"You said it, mayor!"

War Games

(Continued from page 11)

The order of play is determined by lot and one team comes to the map. There the captain is handed a problem.

When the time allotted for the study of the problem is over, the team captain gives his estimate of the situation. He then decides as to the disposition of his forces. The captain then turns to his assistants and issues his verbal orders to the various units of his command, designating at the same time, one of his assistants as its commander. He has previously indicated on the map the known positions of the enemy and his own forces.

His assistants, as unit commanders, give then their orders or instructions and indicate on the map the positions of any patrols they may send out. Careful note is made by the judges of the performance of the team. The first team leaves and the next team enters and presents its solution. The judges after comparing the solutions of the problem and the manner of presentation by each team make the award.

All in all, it is splendid mental training and may prove valuable to the student later on.

Ideal Boy

(Continued from page 13)

My ideal changes. Once upon a time he had a tousled head, and bright blue eyes. That was my ten-year-old ideal. The fifteen year-old one had a Greek nose, pale golden curls, a brow as white as marble, and melancholy brown eyes. At present, my He with a capital "H" has dark hair, and grey eyes. He is either a cadet captain, or a star athlete, or both. He is a divine dancer, and very romantic. However, I have a sneaking suspicion that I am going to end up with an entirely different person on my pedestal; a person with freckles and a snub nose, and a most infectious laugh. Isn't that just like a girl?

Elizabeth Jenkins

Bischoff (delivering oration): General Grant was shot three times--once in the arm, once in the leg, and once in Richmond.

Love

Love is like measles! It is very contagious. For this reason when you first notice the symptoms, you should avoid all public places lest the malady be conveyed to some unsuspecting person. After a person has been exposed it usually takes from ten days to two weeks for the symptoms to appear. The symptoms are very general. The victim usually flushes under the slightest pretext and is very irritable. The crisis usually appears soon after the eighteenth day. The question is in measles--"Will he live?--or not?" in love--"Will he love?--or not?" Fortunately the person is subject to the real malady but once although he may have an attack of a less serious nature many times. If one has an attack while young, he usually recovers with amazing rapidity. But, as in measles, if the person is older, the attack is sometimes very severe and even fatal. As in measles, if the attack assumes a serious nature, a minister should be called in to make the final arrangements. Altogether, love is a harmless, yet disagreeable, malady, which, if escaped, marks the person as lucky, but which, if met and thoroughly conquered, is after all one of the most natural things in life. Believe it or not?

Helen Swick, '29

Some Crowd!

Heard at a recent basketball game at the Arcadia, which was filled to capacity.

"Sir, your finger's in my ear."

"I know it, madam, but I can't get it out until the crowd gives me elbow room."

Mr. Suter (in chemistry class): Name three articles containing starch.

Critchfield: Two cuffs and a collar.

We Object

A boy rushed into our English class the other day during the 4th period and announced that Mr. Guilford wanted either Miss Greenwood or Miss Brown to substitute for ice cream in the lunchroom.

Advice To The Lovelorn

By Dixy Dorothy

Dear Miss Dixy:

I heard Paul Lawson say that next to himself he liked B. V. D. best. Is this sufficient cause for jealousy?

Eileen Back

Answer: Yes and No.

Dear Miss Dixy:

I am bashful, blind, halfwitted, deaf, dumb, and rather sickly, and I write poetry. I am equally as handsome with or without my wooden leg. Why don't girls rave about me?

Ethelbert

Answer: I can't imagine. Girls are funny that way, aren't they?

Dear Miss Dixy:

I am very bashful. I am even afraid to ask Mr. Hart to lend me two-bits to take my girl out. How can I overcome this excessive backwardness?

Tim Idity

Answer: Tell me where you can take a girl for two-bits and I will gladly answer your inquiry. It may be that you are suffering from extravagance rather than excessive backwardness.

The Poor Nut

We wish to extend our sympathies to the East-ernite who, for certain reasons, parked his fli-ver beside Lincoln Park one evening. When he re-turned to it much later he found that the squir-rels had eaten off all the nuts.

P.S. He escaped because he was too hard to crack.

A married couple were in the midst of a quar-rel while walking along a country road, when they suddenly met a mule.

"One of your relatives?" he asked.

"Yes, by marriage," she replied.

A Bull

Farmer: Now come along, and I'll teach you how to milk a cow.

Greenhand: Seeing I'm new, hadn't I better begin on a calf?

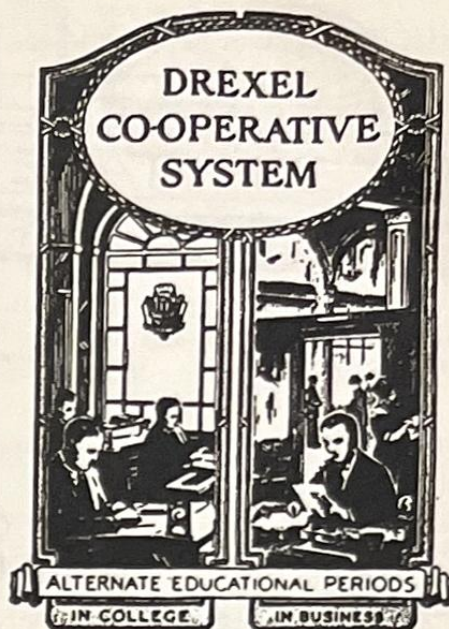
Moses Lil: I'se wants to purchase one ob yo' plasters.

Druggist: Do you want one of our porous plas-ters?

Moses Lil: No Suh! I'se wants one ob yo' best ones.

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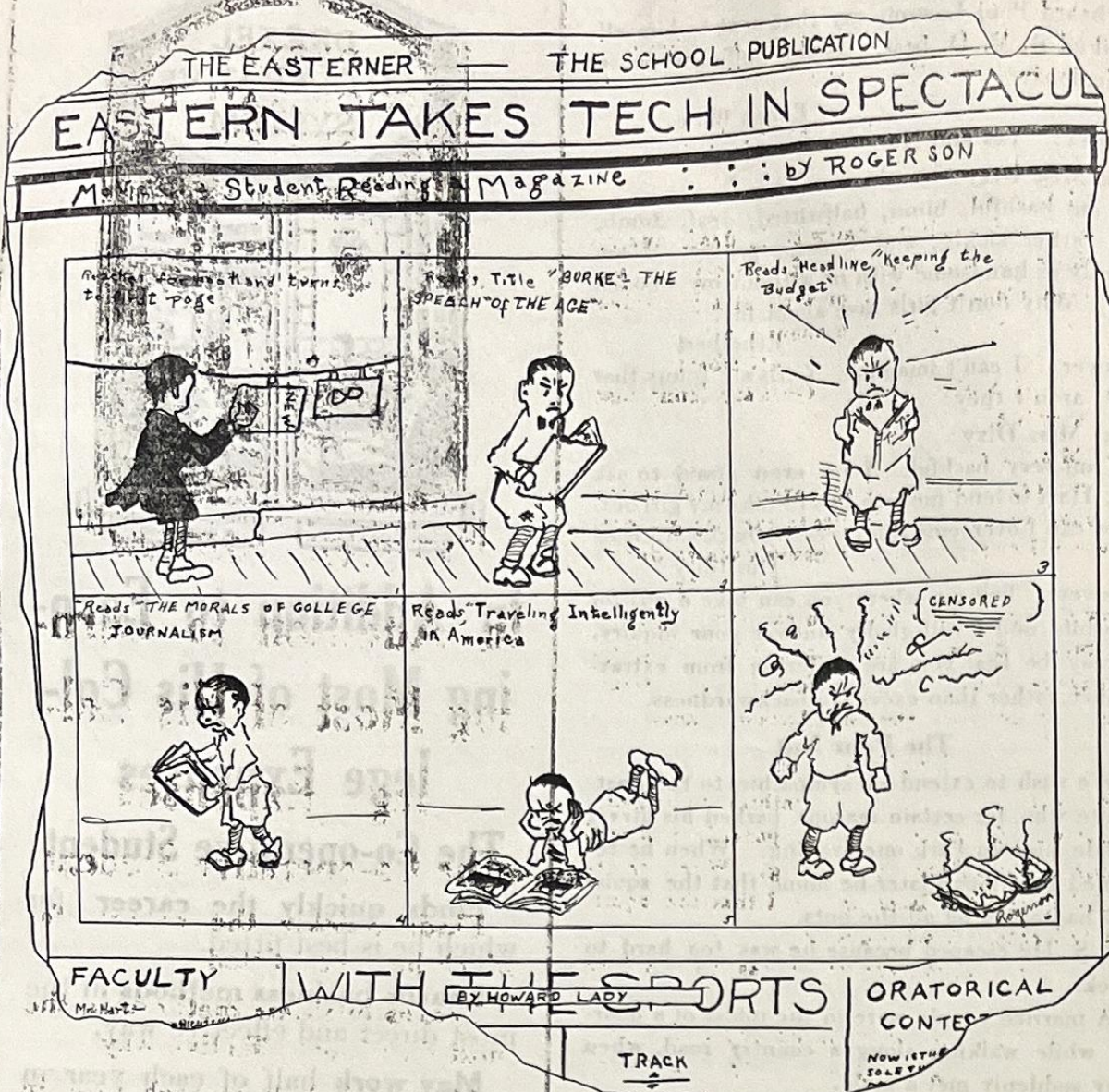
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A dumb rookie upon going into Business Office saw a box with a sign over it reading: Contributions to the Easterner.

He took it for a different meaning and promptly put a nickel in the slot.

Sure of That

H. Phelps Clark: If you are a thought reader, why do you read my hand instead of my mind?

Fortune-teller: It's so much easier; I can see at once that you have a hand.

Salesman: When are you going to pay for that car I sold you?

Louis Depro: Pay for it?

Why, you said that in a short time it would pay for itself.

Pat (on pier): And what are yez goin' ter do whin yez git ter America?

Mike: Take up land.

Pat: Indade, an' 'ow much?

Mike: Oh, a shovelful at a toime.

Clerk: This book will do half your work.

"Nat" Doerr: Give me two, quick.

Leggo There!

Chick Essex: What did your grandfather say when they amputated his leg?

Cy Hogarth: He yelled, "Hey! What's comin' off here?"

The professor was discussing the characteristics of a fool's mind.

Bored Student: What is a fool, anyway?

Prof: Long ago someone said: "He is a fool who asks more questions than a hundred wise men can answer."

Another student (triumphantly): Now I know why we flunk so many exams.

Not Her Idea

First Typist: The idea of your working eight hours a day! I wouldn't think of such a thing.

Second Typist: Neither would I. It was the boss who thought of it.

Shapiro: Do you always play the banjo by ear?

Ryan: No, I generally use a pick.

Economical Short Story

Rich girl; motor car; lonely road; breakdown; ruffian; scream; poor boy; rescue; swoon; love; elopement. End.
—*Archieve*

"After I wash my face I look in the mirror to see if it is clean. Don't you?" asked the sweet little girl of Bobbie.

"Don't have to," said Bobbie. "I just look at the towel."
—*The Voice of South High*

Guth (as car stalls)--"Well, of all the blankety, blank!"

His Fair One--"How dare you swear before me!"

Guth--"Pardon me, I didn't know you wanted to swear first."
—*Archieve*

Helen Magee: Bill called me up last night and offered me the choice of a book or a kiss for my birthday.

Anna Gates: That's interesting. Which did you take?

Helen: Oh, I told him couldn't read.

Al Cole: My ideal wife is one who can make good bread.

Esther: My ideal husband is one who can raise the dough in the hour of knead.

Dr. Rothermel: Does any one know of an easier way to find the horsepower of a car?

Mueller: Lift up the hood and count the "plugs."

Farmer: Hi there! What are you doing up in my cherry-tree?

Youngster: Dere's a notice down dere to keep off de grass.

Student: We have come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

Mrs. Kochka: Who said that?

Student: Some undertaker.

Pretty Saleswoman: Don't you want a talking machine in your home?

He: My, this is so sudden!

Traffic cop: Did you blow your horn?

Taxi Driver: No; why? Does it look if as i needed blowing?

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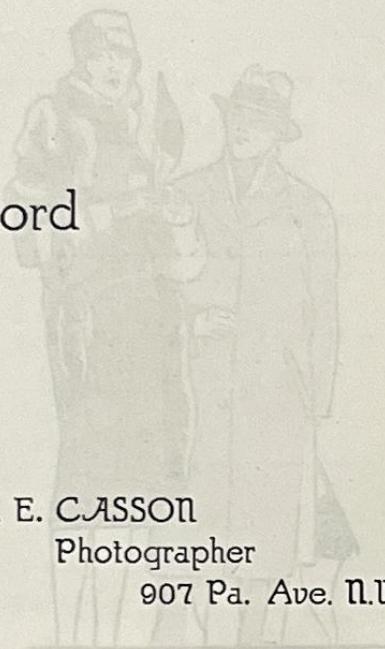
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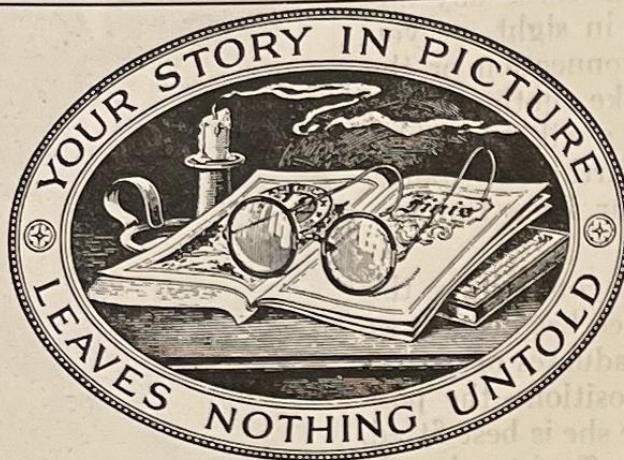
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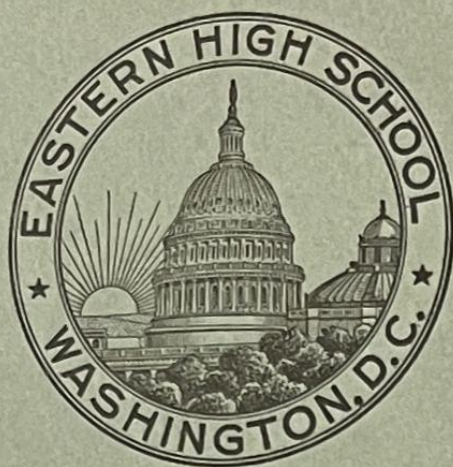
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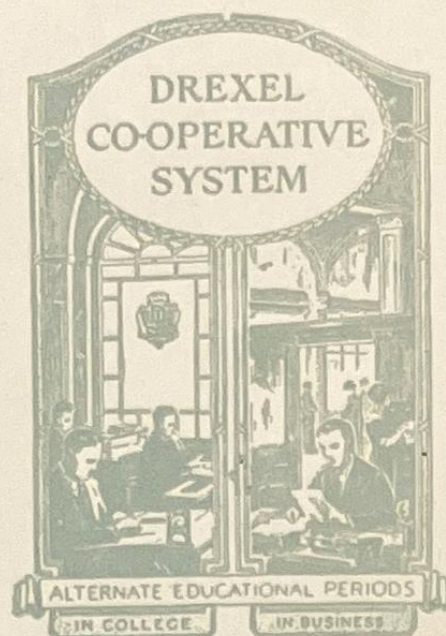
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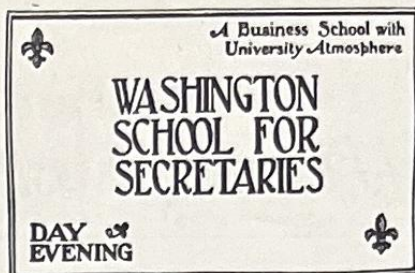
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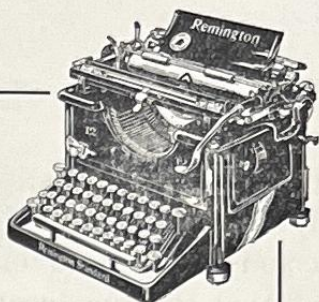
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BEAUTY

by Ruth Bell, '28

The girl tilted back her small, dark head and gazed with half-shut eyes at her own image, as presented in the mirror of the Women Employees' Rest Room of Anstruther and Co., the Quality Department Store. Then from somewhere she extracted a small object which she applied carefully to her lips. A few slaps of the comb upon her hair, a pat of the puff on her nose, and she was ready to face the world.

"Ready, Ida?" Another girl appeared suddenly in the doorway, a tall, lanky girl, whose blurred reflection in the glass before Ida showed a mop of sandy hair and a sudden smile.

"Uh-huh." With a final tug at her roll-tops, Ida Waple ran over to her friend, snatching up her wraps on the way. "Beastly cold in here, isn't it? What time's it, Jean?"

"Six-thirty," said the other. "What kept you so late, Ida? Was Johnny buying ribbons for his sister?"

"No." Ida shrugged her slim shoulders. "He hasn't been around for ribbons or anything else for a long time. Guess he's got a new dame. Well, he can go chase himself—I don't care.

"Miss Padgett's table was being rushed—spring sale, you know—and I had to help at it with Ger-tie and Lou. Doing business up to six o'clock, and then we had to put stuff away. Had to do it right, too, 'cause Mr. Goldenberg was watching us."

They were rapidly descending the narrow, dark stairs, coming closer to the noises that hummed in the busy street below. Now they were outside, and had merged with the traffic, had become a part of the noise.

"How'd things go today, Jean?" inquired Ida, as the buildings flew past their groaning car.

"Passed with a kick," yawned the new clerk of the shoe-tree counter. "I hate it downstairs, with nobody I know. People are funny, though. One woman was furious with me because I

wasn't selling percolators. And I'm glad some of them are no relations of mine. Some old woman at Lil Perkins's counter—books—held up a whole line while she told Lil about how her grandfather or step-uncle or somebody wrote stories for children. Also told her all about her son out west in the bricklaying business."

Slowly the corners of the buildings darkened, and stood sharply outlined against the sky.

"Next stop's ours," remarked Ida, absently. Not that Jean needed to be reminded; Ida always said that as they passed Tenth Street.

Dinner at the apartment of Jean Martin and Ida Waple was an unromantic affair, characterized by chops, potatoes, a spattered tablecloth, and an oil stove that shouldn't smoke, but did. It was also characterized by Jean's nightly devotions to her "plant"—a soaked pea which had sprouted in saturated sawdust in a late mayonnaise jar.

"Look, Ida, another leaf is coming out. Isn't it pretty? Please don't forget to save me some beans from tonight to plant. I think I'll start a sweet-potato vine, too. I'll put it in that old jelly-glass in the bathroom. You don't want it anymore, do you?"

"No-o." Ida turned from her loving attention to the chops. "You can have it if you want to. I don't see why you want such things, but you can have 'em."

Jean, over by the window, scarcely heard Ida's last words. She was absorbed in the wonder of it, the beauty of the Life which had come into being from sawdust, water, and the ugly, little green pea. Jean sometimes doubted that life was eternal when at work she was blamed for mistakes she could not help; when Ida, pretty herself, did not understand Jean's love for beautiful things; when Jean felt small and lonely in a big church; but she never doubted it when she was watching a plant, or when she saw the day turn dark-blue along the streets. Her love of

THE EASTERNER—9

beauty led her to what she missed in churches what she felt as she touched with light fingers the lovely things in the silk department of Anstruther's, the something that filled her until it hurt when occasional bits of music drifted down from the radio upstairs.

Jean glanced at Ida wistfully. How pretty she was, even as she bent over the stove, hair mussed, nose wet and shiny, tending the beans with motherly devotion. If only she were as pretty as Ida!

“They say there's going to be a vacancy in the boss's office about September, and they're going to choose from among our bunch, Jean.”

“I know,” Jean nodded. “I heard Mrs. Miggs and Peg talking about it today.” She might have added a statement of Mrs. Miggs's that had haunted her all afternoon. “The choice has narrowed down to two girls—Jean Martin and Ida Waple. I think Jean will get it, though. She's such a faithful and careful worker.”

“It would be a swell job, wouldn't it?” sighed Ida.

With a little catch in her breath Jean agreed. How wonderful it would be! She could buy some plants and some of the lovely things she saw and handled every day. Perhaps, with some new clothes and her hair waved—

And then, one day, Tommy Allen flashed across the horizon of the girls' lives. They met across the counter—he and Jean—and smiled, while Jean noticed everything about him, his dimpled chin, the hair that flopped over into his blue eyes, his yellow tie, the rose in his buttonhole. Jean let him call at the apartment, and there he found—Ida.

“But Jean, this dress is ripped in the back. I can't wear it.” Ida's mouth twisted pathetically.

“Sure you can, honey; I'll sew it up while you're getting dressed.”

“But Tommy's seen this dress a dozen times already. I can't go to the dance tonight in the same old thing. It's a mess!” This was a wail from Ida.

Jean gravely regarded the dress in question.

Certainly, Ida had not exaggerated. Oh—a good idea—

“I'll take the bow off,” she said, “and put on the flowers from my best dress. It'll freshen it up.”

Brang-g-g-g went the doorbell. “It's Tommy,” cried Ida, “and I'm not ready. Tell him to wait, Jean.”

At last Ida was gone, leaving a trail of powder and a mussed-up room behind her. Tommy was gone, too. But she musn't think of that. Ida was better suited to him, anyway, so pretty—and such a child. She must have good times; that had always been Jean's aim during the two years she and Ida had lived together. Ida would have a good time tonight—

It would be wonderful, though, the position in the boss's office. And Jean knew she would get it—as well as faithful, efficient work could tell her. Then there might be some one else besides Tommy.

Summer came to the city, opening apartment windows, causing furniture to appear miraculously on the fire escapes, thinning out the crowds at Anstruther's, tempting the shop girls to laziness.

But to Jean and Ida, the temptation came seldom, if ever. The place in the boss's office! That moved Jean to action on days when the others camped beside the water-cooler. Ida, too, seemed busy—unusually efficient at her work. After all, it was to be a choice between the two!

But this time Jean set her teeth, clenched her fists, and worked feverishly. Ida was pretty; Ida had Tommy. Ida had everything else—she must have this thing!

“I hope you'll have a good time at the wedding, Mrs. Miggs,” ventured Jean, pinning up that worthy woman's shoulder and standing back to admire the result.

The Women Employees' Rest Room was empty save for Ida, Jean, and Mrs. Miggs.

Mrs. Miggs' piercing glance singled out Jean for its aim.

“I'm not going for a good time,” she reproved. “I'm going because it's my duty to go—the bride expects me.”

Continued on page 29

A Knightly Night

Donald A. Craig, '29

"Rae, you're too modern—just as all the men are today! The man who gets me is going to be able to ride on a horse as well as in a Ford! I guess I should have been born in the days of real chivalry—and castles—and knights." (The reader is invited to complete the remaining three pages of this monologue himself.)

Thus may be summarized the thoughts that ran through Rae Anderson's mind as he sat on a bench in Lincoln Park. He had survived many of the previous moods of his fiancée, but this last he felt was beyond him. He had been sitting thus for over an hour before he noticed a little booklet lying on the ground beside him. It was labeled in large letters,

"THE POWER OF DREAMS"

Gradually Rae's vacant stare concentrated itself upon the words. Suddenly his face brightened. DREAMS! Somewhere he had heard that people always dream of what is freshest in their minds when they go to sleep. There was no doubt but that dreams were powerful.

"I wonder if I could?" he said to himself. "Anyway, it's worth a try!"

With this he arose, brushed the residue of a bag of peanuts from his suit, and then set out to seek his room-mate, with whom he conceived his plan of action.

The Jones household was no different from thousands of other American homes. The family was at the dinner table, discussing the price of cauliflower and the chances of the Prince of Wales marrying an American flapper, when the telephone rang and everyone leaped to answer it. The little brother was the first to reach it. After much discussion he triumphantly announced that Rae wanted to speak to Ruth. Ruth, the cause of most of Rae's recent worries, after threatening all but death to anyone making any noise,

took up the receiver and sweetly declared herself to be the required party.

"Be over early this evening," said Rae. "I'm bringing Professor Beatzner to see you."

"Who?" asked Ruth in a clearly puzzled tone.

"Professor Beatzner," replied Rae. If Ruth could have seen him as he said this she could have detected the smile that played around his lips. "He has a collection of old armor and junk."

"It's not junk," objected Ruth, "it's—"

"Well, anyway, he's full of romantic tales, so I'll bring him along," Rae interrupted.

The remainder of the dialogue is too typical to be worth recording so we pass on to the evening in question.

Ruth had scarcely moved Jackie and his soap-bubble outfit into the dining room and straightened the pictures in the parlor when Rae and the Professor arrived.

As Rae had said, the Professor had quite a collection of relics of medieval times which he supplemented with bits of odd information and stories. Ruth, however, was surprised at one thing in the Professor's conversation. She noticed that he continually dwelt upon the crudeness and inconveniences of the times and that furthermore each of his specimens illustrated some point in this direction.

However, the evening passed with surprising rapidity. When the Professor arose to leave he presented Ruth with a pair of slippers which she had been admiring. He insisted that she put them on and walk around in them. She wore them till Rae and the Professor had departed. She then kicked the slippers off in disgust.

"Thank heaven, we have better shoemakers now," she sighed.

In this attitude she went to bed and was soon lost in dreams.

It was late in the fall of 1200 A. D. The wind was blowing the rain in sheets against the walls of an old stone castle in south Britain. The cold drops, which needed but little encouragement to become snow, were splashing in through the opening which served as a window. Running down the folds in the curtain they united to form canals between the blocks of the rough stone floor. The whole room was filled with a fine gray mist, to which was added the smoke from a smoldering fire in the hearth on the opposite side from the window. This was the bedroom of Lady Ruth, daughter of the richest lord in England.

This fair and gentle maiden, after heaving aside blankets of goatskin, slid gracefully out onto the bearskin rug beside the bed. Having brushed the mixture of dew and ashes from her morning gown she dressed herself. This last she did after vainly calling to her sleeping attendant on the bed of rushes by the fire. In this fashion began the day of the pampered daughter of a lord.

At the same time at which Lady Ruth was arising from her slumbers smoky fires were springing up in the fields around the castle. It was the day of the big tournament. All the knights in the kingdom had assembled to take part. The inns were soon loaded to capacity and the majority of the visiting contestants had sought shelter in the numerous sheds and barns in the vicinity.

The rain by this time had ceased and the sun was rapidly dispersing the signs of the night's storm. As the fires burned more brightly the spirits of the men mounted and the air was soon filled with their voices as they joked with one another and stretched their cramped limbs. The knights were conspicuous as they sat around the fire on empty wine-casks and amused themselves by picking the straw from their persons. They were the lucky few who had slept in the choice places containing straw and grain. Those who had been less fortunate and slept on the ground were tinkering with pieces of armor attempting to hurry breakfast by sleepy orders to which obedience was neither given nor expected. The squires and pages were busied foraging and preparing food and it was not long before the air was filled with the smell of roasting meat as the

carcasses of pigs and lambrevolved on improvised spits before the fires.

"This is indeed a meal fit for a king himself!" said one old knight as he brushed the sand and ants from a half burned leg of mutton. And in this fashion began the day of the traveling nobleman.

Lady Ruth in a litter and her party composed of a hand maiden and a page guarded by four men-at-arms emerged from the castle gate about ten o'clock. Ordinarily such a guard would not have been necessary, but with the country filled with strange men it was deemed advisable. Already the road to the tournament was filled with travelers. The sun by this time was so hot that the mud was beginning to turn to dust and as the horses and men advanced it rose in the air in clouds behind them. Lady Ruth began the journey with the curtains of her litter open but the dust forced her to close them although it was really a choice of choking in the dust or suffocating in the little closed car, one being as bad as the other. However, having arranged herself as comfortable as possible, she fainted and passed the remainder of the journey without interruption till almost to the entrance.

When the party reached the edge of the crowd the men-at-arms had to push a way through the curious rabble which as usual collected around the litter. Lady Ruth was thankful that the curtains were drawn as she would probably have been thrown out by the constant jolting. As it was, she was kept busy dodging the spear-butts which struck the curtains whenever the advance was checked.

Suddenly the litter came down with a crash. The air was filled with the sound of clashing weapons. A hand rent asunder the curtain and a mailed arm reached in and seized the occupant. In spite of her cries, which were lost in the noise and din of the fray, Lady Ruth felt herself lifted onto a horse and borne swiftly out of the crowd.

"What next!" she sighed. "I've been saved three times this week. It's truly getting bore-some."

After waiting what she deemed a proper

(Continued on page 33)

Concerning Books

Catherine Bixler, '29

Warning!

"He who steals this book of knowledge
Will surely go to Sing Sing College."

If any one happened to have dishonest intentions toward one innocent, helpless textbook in the Book Exchange, this should make him stop and reflect. For as soon as he opened the cover, these words would meet his sight. Another book has his "hands off" proclamation:

"Don't steal this book

For fear of fate.

The owner carries

A thirty-eight."

In case their book should feel the wanderlust, many students write the following notice therein:

"If this book should chance to roam

Box its ears and send it home."

That accounts for losses. One of our brilliant male students evidently dropped a French book on the floor once and became very puzzled about the correct procedure of its rescue. He inscribed the following advice inside the cover:

"If this book falls on the floor

Look on page 44."

If one takes the trouble to look on that page, he will see

"Pick it up."

Oh, how we hate wisecracks!

Of the books that come into the Book Exchange, Latin books, especially *Caesars*, probably are more abused than any others, except, perhaps, math books. An example of the slams contained in the *Caesars* is:

"If there should be another flood,

For refuge hither fly;

If all the world should be submerged

This book would still be dry."

Perhaps it was after a disastrous test that someone wrote in his *Caesar*:

"Everybody's dead who wrote it;

Everybody's dead who spoke it;

Everybody dies who learns it;

Blessed death-- they *surely* earn it."

Every one is familiar with the phrases that are written on the outsides of the books. The favorite

seems to be Eastern, or E. H. S. There are, however, many others that are almost as popular. "Poison," "Open all night," "Closed for repairs," "One dose daily," "Take in small doses," and "Do not open until Christmas" are a few of these. One that appeared recently is "A Tragedy in One Volume."

Algebra books are, as a rule, pretty well marked up. This equation was found inside one:

"y = girl

z = boy

x = chaperon

y + z + x = misery

y + z - x = joy-oh, boy"

We have a large number of clever students at Eastern. We really have. As proof of this statement take this jingle:

"Rockaby, senior, on the tree-top

As long as you study, your grades will not drop.

But if you stop digging your standing will fall

And down will come senior, diploma, and all."

Proof enough?

Defeat?

Do men become great because they have an easy life? Look what Lincoln surmounted, and feel encouraged:

Failed in business, spent seventeen years paying debts.

Defeated for Illinois Legislature.

Defeated for Congress.

Defeated for Senate--badly.

Defeated for Vice-presidency.

Defeated by Douglas in 1858.

Faced the opposition of prejudice and envy during his term as president.

Was torn with grief during the Civil War, with the knowledge that the Union was in jeopardy.

But--he struggled unceasingly against each setback, and now his memory is enshrined in every American heart.

—*The Voice of South High*

Since "Bobbie" Thompson graduated, Carleton Eagle now claims "that school-girl complexion."

Back in the Gay Nineties

by Donald A. Craig, '29

Having left my monocle and other amusements in my locker, and being stranded in English class without even so much as a little blue book to while away the minutes, I decided to think. Casting about for a subject, my eyes fell upon my stately pedagogue standing beside the girl with whom I had had a date the night before.

If you knew all the circumstances you wouldn't wonder why I exclaimed to myself, "Now there's a contrast!" This much was without thinking. With a super-human effort I brought my brain into full swing. Then I exclaimed, "There's not such a contrast after all!"

I was rather pleased with this thought. Thinking is fun when you get down to it.

In the midst of my meditations the bell rang. Seizing my books, I deposited my gum in the drinking fountain, stopped in and left Miss Arnold my editorial against depositing such things as gum in such places as drinking fountains, and finally slid into the library.

Five minutes found me behind a pile of old Easterners of the days when our fathers went to Eastern. Now I could find out whether our generation was as comparatively "awful" as I am told.

First, I came to the personals column, hiding behind the caption "Locals." Here are a few of the milder ones:

"Klawans has written a book on 'Flirting Through a Key-hole.'" Our principal was a student at Eastern in those days. Can't you imagine him going into convulsions over this?

"The way a young lady of the first year Withers Castell is simply dreadful." This is evidently a play on some poor fellow's name, but even WE don't involve first year damsels in such scandal.

"Wanted--By a young lady in room 16, two golden hairs, last seen on the shoulders of P---r, room 9." To my knowledge there is only one recognized method for this to have happened.

"We read that the Amazons had no relation with men, yet they all had their bows." You have to think this one over.

Next I came to the Social Notes, a page which has been totally and discreetly eliminated from our magazine. The following are excerpts from descriptions of three of the season's parties:

"An Eastern company has rarely assembled without playing 'wink,' so according to precedent the boys were given an opportunity to exercise their eyelids. That we had a good time is needless to say." Can you picture Papa doing this today?

"Once more in the parlor the lights were suddenly put out, when ghost stories were told by the light of the fire. As it was quite late the guests departed 'in the usual way.'" I am too stunned to comment on this one!

"Soon after this we gathered all the umbrellas that could be found and to the familiar strains of 'Oh, Didn't He Ramble!' we proceeded down the street." It is a good thing they didn't have automobiles, anyway.

It seems that copying and ponies were also not unknown in those days. Everybody probably caught this one when it was first published in a corner of the humor page:

"Some bright person remarked that the first year should be called the infantry. Why not call the Latin classes the Cavalry?" Think hard now.

The life of our august parents is reflected even on the poetry page:

"I'm a Washington girl,
And I live in a whirl
Of beauty and banter and ease;
With a love for mankind,
And a magical mind,
I study to praise and to please.

And one twist of my fan
Can call any man
To sacrifice all at my shrine."

Just when I had seemingly proven that times

(Continued on page 30)



Silhouettes



Mr. Flury

"I have no middle name. The family ran out of middle names before they got to me. This is very embarrassing because in filling out blanks I am always called upon to supply the missing, non-existent, median cognomen.

"I was born in Camden County, New Jersey, the land famous in song and story for sand, sand-burrs, and mosquitos. My early boyhood was spent in tramping along Trout Run, oft traversed by Walt Whitman, the good grey poet of Camden-Town. I early learned to love nature, the wild life, and was filled with the wonder of the universe."

Having a propensity for wandering, Mr. Flury spent some time in the Philippines and made a trip around the world, visiting Europe, Asia and Africa. Because all French sounded like Greek to him, Mr. Flury was lost in Paris, or as he might have it, "made an extended tour of the city."

Upon his return to America, Mr. Flury decided to take a course in civil engineering at the University of Pennsylvania, but when half way thru, he found that he was more interested in human beings than in building bridges so he switched over to a course in pedagogy, completing that, and later coming to Eastern in 1921.

Turning to the serious, let Mr. Flury speak for himself. "In philosophy, I am a Realist, rather than a Romanticist. I believe in looking the facts of life squarely in the face. I incline to the Hindu idea of restricting one's desires to the simple things. Happiness is not attained by possession of a lot of things. The great things are simple."

Now this should please some Easterners and lend a ray of hope. "I was dumb in high school, flunking in Caesar and trigonometry but managing to get thru Burke."

R. S.

Mrs. Sperry

Anyone who is fortunate enough to have Mrs.

Sperry as his shorthand or typewriting teacher and especially one who is in her junior-senior class, will inform you that she is one of the most pleasing and good-natured teachers that Eastern possesses.

Mrs. Sperry's birthplace is not far from Pittsburgh. She obtained her higher education in Washington, attending Strayers' Business College and George Washington University. Although she declared in her youth that she would never become a teacher, we are certainly glad that Dame Fortune and circumstances changed her mind.

Although Mrs. Sperry did not attend Eastern, she was wise enough to pick an Eastern High School graduate for a husband. We can likewise say that her husband, who is a minister, used good judgment in selecting his wife. They have a seventeen year old son who is a senior at Central. He is surely a most unfortunate fellow in having to contend with two loyal Easternities as parents. Every summer they drive to Maine where they have a cottage, and there they spend a most enjoyable vacation.

E. R.

Miss Watts

When I first entered Eastern, a bewildered, eager, clumsily anxious little rookie, life just seemed too complicated to bother with. Teachers gave me up in despair. I couldn't do anything to suit them. According to all accounts I was the dumbest, dullest, most stupid, asinine, idiotic half-wit living! (There were a few more very descriptive adjectives applied. I've forgotten them.)

But finally one day as I was wandering about the halls, searching diligently for my class room, I saw my chance — a boy sliding down the banisters. Here at last was something I could do to perfection! With a whoop of joy, I draped myself about the rail and went whizzing down -- Plop into Miss Watts' arms! (The rest is too painful to narrate.)

This was my introduction* to our illustrious

assistant principal, and, needless to say, after such a meeting, I approached with trembling knees for an interview.

However, it seems to be a common experience with her, for after exchanging a few remarks and cautioning me to tell the banister escapade, she began to talk—and here's what I found out.

Miss Watts was born in Washington, spent her early and grammar school life here, eventually graduating from Central. (They always were lucky!) After bringing her high school career to a brilliant finish, she sought for new worlds to conquer. This came in the shape of "Normal," where she spent the next few years.

Finally, feeling that she had learned plenty, Miss Watts determined to impart a little of this knowledge to a waiting world. Business was the school she chose for this. While there, besides the usual duties of teaching, she was also in charge of the business section of the school publication and the placement of the Alumnae.

At last in 1923, luck smiled at us! Miss Watts was transferred to Eastern, to take up the duties of assistant principal. And here she has been ever since.

After giving me this general outline, she told me, with a funny little smile, that every teacher must have a hobby and hers is dashing madly after the 7:30 bus every morning!

Miss Watts, besides being a very efficient assistant to Mr. Hart, has succeeded in winning the hearts of her pupils, which is even more important. I heard one embryo man declare to another such, that "Aw, Miss Watts is a dern nice person. She got me out of a terrible fix—" which, while atrocious English, is the general opinion out here—

"Miss Watts is a dern nice person!"

C.E.

Charles Guyon

A silhouette of the coach? That's covering quite a bit of territory. It seems that Charles "Wahoo" Guyon began his athletic career in a primitive smoke-filled wigwam affair on the Chipewa Indian reservation, some time in dark ages past, by vigorously announcing his arrival to the

world in general. For thirteen years he lived the life of a native red-man, spending his time, not in school, but in hunting, fishing, sleighing, snowshoeing, and trapping. Then he combined all these with his studies at a Mission School. Perhaps it was because he wasn't used to study, perhaps it was because of the hunting and trapping—but, anyway, our hero spent three years on the first reader!

In securing an education, Mr. Guyon had to overcome his inborn racial prejudices against the white man and the white man's customs. He deserves all the more credit, then, for not only completing the work at Mission School, but going from here to Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, where he remained until 1904. While here he was not only a four letter man, but was captain in all sports—football, baseball, basketball and track. His football team was probably the best in the history of the school. After brief prep work at Lawrence High, the Coach went to Carlisle Institute, the most famous of all the Indian schools. Here again he participated in all sports. He left school in 1908 to begin his professional baseball career which reached its peak in the seasons when he caught for Pittsburgh and the New York Americans. He capitalized his ability in football and basketball as well as baseball.

After retiring from professional sports, he went to Spalding Bros., sporting goods manufacturers, where his extensive knowledge of sports in general made him a most valuable acquisition to the firm. He coached at the University of Georgia and later at Georgia Tech. The close of the war, found him again in Washington, with Spalding's. Then in 1920 he came to Eastern, and at Eastern he has stayed. But the best of it is, he shows no inclination to leave.

R. M.

Before Exams

O Lord of Host, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

After Exam

The Lord of Hosts was with us not,
For we forgot, for we forgot.

School News

Eastern Wins Brown Cup

On April 18 Dean William Wilbur of George Washington University came to an assembly and presented, on behalf of Brown University, the loving cup awarded each year to the school presenting the most effective and well-produced spring play. The Easterner congratulates the caste and the large number of pupils and teachers who helped bring this honor to the school.

Dramatic Association

This organization came out with flying colors in the production of "The Admirable Crichton" due to the tireless "admirable" efforts of Miss Monk.

The cast was as follows: Crichton, the butler, "Hazy" Shea; Lord Loam, a peer of the realm, "Louie" Depro; Ernest, Loam's nephew, "Tommy" Neff; Lord Brocklehurst, "Skip" Faber; Treherne, a curate, Warren Anderson; Lady Mary, Margaret Beckett; Catherine, Jayne Adams; Agatha, Audrey Bernhardt; and Tweeny, Jannette Seiler.

The classes have also put on some sketches advertising the play. The playwright rivalry lies between Hollister Parsons and Lewis Depro. If "it pays to advertise," this play ought to have been a howling success and was it? Wow!

Glee Club

The Glee Club took part in a program at Wilson Normal, Friday, March 23.

Science Club

The Science Club Essay Contest closed April 15. Several contestants spoke their essays, even illustrating them with slides.

Trips to the Navy Yard and the Bureau of Standards are planned for the rest of the semester.

Mr. Haworth has been succeed-

Cadets

The cadets have now almost reached the season of the drills. On the 23d of April is the Battalion drill. On the 30th of April is the regimental drill. The biggest drill, the competitive, comes on the 4th and 5th of June. All of the Eastern companies drill on the 5th. The cadets are looking forward to these drills. With two chances in the battalion drill and with our own regiment, we hope to have something to celebrate by the end of April. Of course, we are all looking forward to a big day on the 5th of June.

Many drills will also be held in the regiment. There will be a platoon drill, a little later competitions for the non-commissioned officers will be staged. The winners in each of these competitive drills are awarded medals.

Of course during the coming season there will be many social events, the company dances, for instance. Everyone is hoping for a good end to a banner year of the Eastern cadets.

A feature of this year's ADJUTANT will be the photograph of sixteen cadets whose fathers were cadets. The father of one, W. M. Fisher, was captain of the first company to win a competitive drill in 1888, that being the first year of competition. There were then three companies, all at Central. The drill was held on the stage of a theater, probably the National or old Kearnan's, now the Columbia. The only drill was manual of arms.

ed by Miss Wilkins as faculty adviser of the Science Club.

The club is at present composed mostly of seniors. There will be many official positions open to undergraduates who join now. If no new members are taken in, the club will certainly die.

The Locker Office

Clanking chains, rattling of locks, jingle of keys, dull thuds, and slowly a figure hove into view. It was not Marley's ghost nor was it the illustrious, poor, but honest pirate ghost, Captain Flint. No, neither. It was little John Meads, latest addition to the locker force, barring the hundred new lockers received to cope with the growing population. He is probably inspecting and repairing the lockers. This is how the locker organization initiates a prospective member to the work.

The building now has 2200 old lockers and as many students. If this keeps up, we shall have to build tiers of lockers. The business of changing and moving has not perturbed H. D. Shorts, who "carries on" like a general on a battle-front.

Theta Alpha Chi Tea

A tea, from four until six, was given for the Theta Alpha Chi Sorority members, at the Woodley Road home of Maude Quinter, of Delta Chapter, on Sunday, March 18. The girls from Eastern's Delta Chapter who attended the tea were: Julia Obeare, Alice Flynn, Bernadette Achstetter, Mary Sisson, Helen Manning, Jean Hoch, and Margaret Leatherwood.

Rule Adopted by the Honors Committee February, 1928

A pupil who would receive honors except for one "F" in a major or a minor subject may repeat the subject in question within the year immediately following as an extra subject, and by raising the grade to a "G" or an "E," may have it given consideration in determining his honor status for the semester in which the "F" was received.

H. May Johnson

Oratorical Contest

The semi-finals of the Oratorical Contest were held Thursday and Friday, March 15 and 16. The judges for this contest were Miss Ruth Clifford, Mrs. Hall, Miss Florence Miliken, Gordon B. Rath and H. Daniel Shorts. The five winning contestants are, alphabetically: Theodore Bischoff, Charles Critchfield, James Dietz, Ruth Goldberg, and Rhoda Hatton.

At the meeting of the Home and School Association, Friday, April 20, the contestants will compete to decide the representative of Eastern in this district's finals.

Asenath Graves and Myrtle Posey have upheld Eastern in previous contests. "Eastern dear shall be defended" by these orators.

Girl Reserves

March 23 and 24 "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," an operetta, was given by the combined Girl Reserve Clubs of the city. Many Eastern girls took part. Fidelis Club made candy to sell at the operetta. A party is being planned for the children at the Central Union Mission.

The Merrill Club

The Merrill Club initiated its new members March 15, in the armory. The Club is rehearsing a play, "Rich Man, Poor Man." The date for giving the play has not been fixed yet.

Orchestras

As usual, the orchestra furnished the "between the acts" entertainment at the Spring Play, Mrs. F. L. Byram conducting, also as usual.

It was a real joy to have Evelyn Scott and Joseph Botazzi back in their places in the orchestra on the nights of the play. Alan Dryer and Alvin Carol, cellists, and George Butler, trombone, were not less welcome.

The Junior Orchestra performed nobly between the acts at the matinee performance. They were directed by Mr. Manoly.

Unique Features Introduced In P. T. Department

Recently two new features have been introduced into the boys' Physical Training Department. One has to do with walking a designated distance in as short a time as possible. And the second concerns consecutive basket shooting. These ideas have been used by the Physical Training teachers in hope of training the boys and at the same time creating a feeling of competition.

The walking idea has proven a great success. The boys are all striving to smash the records made by Paul Lawson and Howard McDuffie. Paul walked 100 yards in 18 4-5, while McDuffie walked him a close second with 19 3-5 seconds. Several boys have crossed the line around the 20 second mark. It is hoped that this sport will develop and become popular among the boys.

Mr. Simon has started what he calls jump shooting. The player stands beneath the basket and executes a snowbird excepting that he jumps while making the shot. Harry Cole holds the record for this event with 74 consecutive goals. The other is the taking of a step before jumping. Harry also holds this record with a total of 166 points. George Warner is second in this attraction with 108. These records are not expected to last long as the boys are doing their best to better them.

The Boys' Rifle Club

The boys down in the unexplored den on the east end of our alma Mater are still plugging down on the ol' bull and complacently chewing a "chaw" (of chewing-gum; don't be alarmed.) The team has won no laurels, not having been in any matches but one and—oh, those girls!

Some of our Dead-Eye Dicks were on the Brigade Rifle Team which won second place in the Third Corps Area matches. This makes the team eligible to compete in the finals.

The Hiking Club

Every Saturday morning a group of girls, dressed in sporting outfits, meets somewhere in the vicinity of East Capitol Street, and then happily swings out on the open road. Little girls, big girls, fat girls, skinny girls—they are all irresistibly attracted to this club, for it is productive of so many good results.

The fat are reduced, the skinny get muscle, and a day spent in the outdoors is the pleasantest kind of recreation. Who is not fascinated by the smooth, white road? It would seem that quite a few girls are, for the ranks of the club are filled and are a goodly number. The club has travelled over most of the ground around Washington, and has vastly enjoyed its trips to Sycamore Island, Chain Bridge, Hain's Point and other places. Several of the girls will receive awards in the near future, in the way of letters and stars. More interesting hikes have been planned by "Vic" Daiker and her assistants, and you are cordially invited to attend any of these, and have a delightful time.

The Officers' Club

The Officers' Club is the newest addition to Eastern's organizations. At the first meeting officers were elected for the remaining school year; they are, as follows:

President, Captain Pyles; vice-president, Captain Bischoff; secretary-treasurer, Captain Deitz; and sergeant-at-arms, 2nd Lt. Hayden.

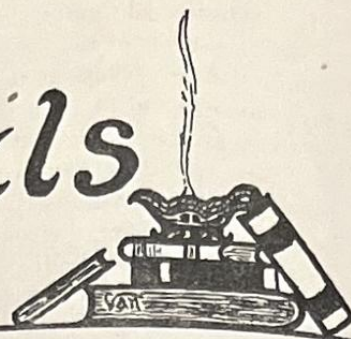
The commissioned officers of the Third Regiment stationed at Eastern are members of the club unless suspended or expelled for any reason. Meetings are held once a month, dues are due, and a pin has been designed. They're off; after many attempts the club has commenced and it is here to stay. We are backing them and so are the fairer members of the student body.

Phi Pi Epsilon

Phi Pi Epsilon gave a luncheon and theatre party March 31. Easter baskets were distributed at an orphanage during the holidays.



Editorials



Start Cheering Now

Scarcely will another month slip by before the supreme event of the high school year will take place. We refer to the competitive drill of the cadet companies. This year, as everyone knows, Eastern has six companies. To get these companies and fill their vacant ranks was a tremendous task for which many loyal Eastern boys have worked. It reminds one much of the struggle of the Union in the Civil War. During four hard years of the most agonizing disappointment the Federal government patiently worked to build a victorious army. Likewise, we at Eastern have endured aggravating defeat for four years. But now, with six full companies and a band, and with the spirit of the regiment burning the heart of every cadet, the alluring gleam of victory is brighter than ever. It is therefore the duty, and we hope the pleasure, of every non-cadet, teacher, and girl of the school to give his utmost support and encouragement to the regiment, thereby doing his bit toward a well-earned success.

Concentrated Efforts.

Several years ago, Eastern High School was noted for high attainment in every branch of athletics and scholastic achievement. But since that time, Eastern has acquired a new school building and with it an endless array of outside activities. It is a wonderful opportunity for the student. But, as a result, the standards of our school are being lowered. Each progressive student is anxious to enter every field of endeavor. He tries not to excel in one field; he tries to gain a menial place in ten or a dozen activities. He must be an orator, cadet officer, journalist of note, star football man, and actor. An impossible combination, you may say. But the mixture is

quite often as bad as this. In no one of his activities can he put his best efforts. His time and natural ability are divided.

If we wish to produce a worth-while school, we must find our own particular niche and do our best in that niche. Thus may Eastern's most cherished traditions bring forth in the new school the highest success and victory.

H. M. S.

By an Eastern Merchant.

To and fro, to and fro,
 Busy crowds of people go.
 Here a shawl with colors bright,
 There a woman swathed in white.
 Dusky boys with water jars
 Cry their wares at the Bazaars;
 Dancing girls with nimble feet
 Hurry through the crowded street.
 Where some gateway opens out
 Houses clustered round about;
 There a beggar takes his stand
 Holding out his bony hand
 To the ever changing throng,
 Passing by him all day long.
 Porters with their heavy bags,
 Wandering Fakirs clothed in rags,
 Civil officers in red,
 Wailing mourners for the dead,
 Pass from morn till set of sun
 When the weary day is done.
 Then the noise and bustle cease,
 And the night is full of Peace.

DOROTHY SECREST, '29

Discontented patron: Hey you! Why is this sour milk?

Bright Young Waiter: I guess the contented cows are getting sarcastic.

—Retina

—Poets' Corner—

To Elizabeth

I met you in the garden
One sunny day in spring;
We gathered golden daffodils
And heard the robin sing.

And there within the garden walls
We walked and talked together
Or stayed beneath your balcony
When rainy was the weather.

Still there beneath those self-same skies
Mid flowers gay we parted;
With one last look into my eyes
You left me, broken-hearted.

Tho years may heal a broken heart
I'll ne'er forget the spring
When first we gathered daffodils
And heard the robin sing.

DOROTHY SECREST, '29

Lovers' Lane

It seemed to me 'twas very plain
That I had not found Lovers' Lane,
For though I'd searched both far and near,
I could not find it anywhere.
But I met you and in your eyes
I've found that there the secret lies.
And you have shown to me the way
To walk down Lovers' Lane today.
Please help me make my dreams come true:
To walk down Lovers' Lane with you.

MARTHA HODGES, '28

Silhouette

Past the lilac bushes, bending
Past the fountain where the sun
Gleams through sparkling waters, sending
Rainbows out to dance and run
On the grass.
Silver silhouette of bonnet,
Silver scarf across the lawn
Parasol with roses on it—
This your shadow—now it's gone
As you pass.

JEAN HOCH, '29

The Unknown

Who has not at night,
Strained vision at the sky,
Watching shining stars,
Shed their glorious light
Upon us?

There are those who watch
For secrets to unveil,
Of mighty planets,
Which call the endless sky
Their own.

There are those who watch
To see only beauty,
In a sea of stars,
Knowing little the part
They play.

And, too, there are those
Who sit and dream 'neath them,
And with the stars share
The greatest thing in life—
Their love.

But give me the right,
To lie beneath the stars,
And dream of mighty
Universes that are
In heaven.

KENNETH CLOW, '30

The Difference

The gum-chewing girl
And the cud-chewing cow
Are somewhat alike,
Yet different somehow.
What difference?
Oh, yes. I see now.
It's the thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Tommy, very sleepy, was saying his prayers.
"Now I lay me down to sleep," he began;
"pray the Lord my soul to keep."
"If," his mother prompted.
"If he hollers, let him go; eny, meny, miny,
mo."



Have you ever seen anything so thrilling as Wayne Hisle when he blushes?

Phi Pi Epsilon has the right idea! They make certain boys "goats" and then they get sundaes and clean off the table for the girls. (Sometimes.)

Jimmy Dietz surely has the girls wondering! He takes Rosalie Goodhart to a dance, talks to Carol Meads, walks down the corridor with Helen Hughes and then wears Dot Dunmire's sorority pin!

One day Carol Meads expressed a liking for the color blue. Hence Cappelli's new sweater.

Girls! We'll let you in on a secret. The way to Gifford Irion's heart is through red dresses and red shoes.

What was Helen Jost's reason for returning to Eastern? Studies or that E. M. S. pin she is wearing?

There is one sure way of making the girls stop talking—have Tommy Neff sing "Girl of My Dreams."

Now just who is Ruth Hoet's "Bob"? Can it be a boy of that name in her dramatics class?

Audrey Bernhardt, the girl with those darling eyes, has of late taken quite a fancy to a blonde. Don't they eat together at the same table?

Do you remember about "Mary and her little lamb?" Jennette Seiler and Franklin Jamieson are forever following one another around. (We wonder who the lamb is. It might be Jamieson but lambs don't have red hair.)

We've seen "Betty" Jenkins and Charles Chamberlain together, lately. We wonder if there's anything to it.

Harwood Shoemaker and Charles Stansbury are the subject of most of the conversation of the girls in 2136. "Georgie" La Roche has no eyes for the boys of Eastern. Her eyes (and maybe her heart, who knows?) are at George Washington.

Heard and Seen!

Charlie Millar's sweater! and how!
Jayne Adams driving Dale's "blue ace."
Margaret Beckett in her girl-friend's dress.
Mildred Taylor with a Phi Alpha pin.
Hazen Shea without "Dotty."

Would you believe it? "Ches" Pyles was seen driving down East Capital Street, alone!

Lucille Blakeney was recently elected manager of the Girls' Rifle Club. Congratulations, Lucille.

Alice Flynn is by far the most popular person in the armory every fifth period.

Well, Gladys Wilcox, are you living up to our banjo-player's sense of high ideals? Keep tab on her, Bartaman.

"Billy" Muldowney came back to Eastern in February and caused wild excitement among the fair maidens here. Many of them still get thrilled at a mere glimpse of the incomparable "Billy."

Jayne Adams is now quite an expert driver. Blue Fords are her specialties.

Marion Alimquist used to be a man-hater. Then she met Clarence Roden, and Marion, the man-hater, was no more.

When Alice Flynn, "Bernie" Achstetter and the Miles twins went to the E. M. S. dance together, "Bernie" had a very bewildering evening as she could not tell the twins apart.

Have you noticed Helen Manning's new "wind-blown bob"? It's really very sharp!

Guess! Kenneth Clow, our young athlete, has been seen during the lunch hour with Cynthia Eldridge. Hop to it, Kenneth.

Our great, big, he-man Courtney Hayden, has been stepping out. We imagine that Helen Gibson can also testify to this.

Rosalie Goodhart seems to crave orators. Once it was--oh! he's an alumnus now. Can anyone guess who it happens to be now?

Have you noticed the brand new knob of hair on back of Marion Fick's head? The boys of the section say they know where they can get that kind for a quarter.

We wonder where Selden Tinsley procured the blackened orb. And what young leap-year girl he was out with.

Posters were to be placed in stores much frequented by E. H. S. students. One facetious child suggested the ten cent store.

Catherine Bixler, our budding poetess, has been dashing around with various young men lately. However, she seems to prefer brunettes.

Certain young menshould be warned. "Freddie" Hutchinson has been making eyes at various ladies around school. Some of them have fallen, too.

Charlie Millar has been tackled and thrown by a certain Kitty Bray. Of course, you know her!

The "Fox" has certainly a collection of Easternites. Eddie Andrus, Bobby Willis, and Francis Wynne are doing the honors.

Jane Menefee didn't mind any of the Merrill Club initiation--even the oysters, eggs, and life-buoy-soap-sandwiches failed to make any effect. Someone mentioned, though, that "Bernie" Smith was seen in the vicinity. Then the fun began!

Phelps Clark surely believes that "girls prefer cadets." You can see him waving gayly to the weaker sex any drill day.

The "Blonde Saint" has fallen again and from latest reports it isn't H.H. either. Oh, girls, who will be next?

It seems as if Mary Henry's ideal man has arrived. Anyway, Norman Kirby is the victim of her charms.

Eastern has a "Lovers' Lane"! If you doubt it, go on the third floor every morning around 8:30. A certain couple has been seen here, daily.

Can you blame Arnold Keplinger for falling when the object of his objections is that demure blonde, Kathryn Stroman?

Two of Eastern's alumni are represented here, even now. Anyway, James Brown, brother of Ronald, and Mildred Duryee, sister of Sackett, have taken quite a fancy to each other.

Albert Strauss and William Markey are not appreciated around here. They have remarkable dramatic ability. They get excellent practice in "rough" parts in Miss Monk's English class.

Virginia Weedan is envied by all the girls who are letting their hair grow. Oh! for nice long hair that can be wound around one's head!

To All Whom It May Concern, Know Ye:

After due deliberation and careful weighing of the facts, the judges of the EASTERNER loud necktie contest have forthwith decided that the winners shall be—

First Place—Hazen Shea

Second Place—Horace Gendreau

Third Place—Mr. Shorts

Note: Many thought that the whole cadet regiment was tied for first place as they all wear those loud black neckties.

Canes and monocles seem to be the order of the day for certain HI-Y members.

Company "C" is indeed an illustrious outfit. In its ranks are Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, Joseph Smith, the founder of the Mormons, Woodrow Wilson, former president, Oehm, the propounder of Oehm's Law, Edward Johnson, famous Metropolitan Opera tenor, and Robert Burns, the great Scotch poet.

Famous Last Words, by Esther Rankin. Got a pencil? Want to usher for the movie?



Tennis

With the coming of spring many people will undoubtedly contract the tennis fever, for which snow, rain, or cold weather is the only cure.

This year's squad will be composed of Hook, Kelso, Mansuy, Ingham, Ross, and Woodin. These players must accept all challenges and upon defeat, forfeit their position on the team to the victor. Coach Simon urges all boys interested to report to him as soon as possible.

Track Development

The track team is gradually rounding into form under the careful eye of Coach Rath. Many new boys have come out and a great deal may be expected of the team as it contains much good material.

The outstanding candidates for the various events are listed below.

One Mile

The Miles Twins, Shorb, Entwistle

One-Half Mile

Entwistle, Goodkowitz, Shorb

One-Quarter Mile

Entwistle, Rogerson, Swope

220 Dash

Hughes, Clow, Rogerson, Smoak, Tolson

100 Dash

Eisinger, Shackelford, Martin, Wheeler, Knorr

220 Low Hurdles

Cappelli, Frank Miles, Hollis

High Hurdles

Bushong, Cappelli, J. Hayden

Shot Put

W. Hutchinson, Hoffman, C. Hayden, B. Wade, Cafardi, Farhood

Discus

Snell, Hoffman, Anderson, C. Hayden

Javelin

Hoffman

Pole Vault

Riley, Wynne

Mr. Rath is extremely pleased with the interest that is shown this branch of sports. He urges as many boys as possible to come out not only to make the team but to take advantage of the training offered.

Track Program

Eastern's track team has a heavy program to undergo this spring. The Easternites have engaged meets with the leading schools of this vicinity. As usual, Eastern will enter the "C" Club Meet and the Inter-high Meet and hopes to do as well as last year. Besides these meets, the Lincoln Parkers are booked up with the Navy Plebes, Devitt Prep, and Episcopal High School.

Baseball

Baseball season has rapidly progressed since the Easter holidays. Eastern, despite injuries, has developed a combination which will undoubtedly give Central and Tech a deal of trouble before the series is decided.

Lisensky, Eastern's stellar second baseman, sprained his ankle and was unable to play in the first game between Eastern and Business. It is hoped, however, that this important cog in the Lincoln Park machine will be inserted before the tournament comes to a close. Last year Lisensky received the honor of being selected as all high second baseman. He batted well above 400 and fielded perfectly. We hope that he will be able to perform for Eastern again this year. Eastern collected its first scholastic victory from Business by a score of 7-4.

Many new faces are appearing in Coach's recent line-up. Willis Fisher, little third baseman, is credited with two hits in our first scholastic game. "Archie" Ware, erstwhile star of the sand-lots, has caused the opposing pitchers no little trouble during the last few weeks. Ed-

wards has been playing short-stop in first rate fashion. While "Ben" McCullough has been covering first base, Sammy Hook is now found prancing about the keystone sack.

Eastern has old timers in Bill Matthews, "Cody" Shapiro, Jim Munro, Andy Oehman and "Smokey" Wood. "Smokey" appeared to be our best hitter in the Business game as he smacked out a double and a single.

With the proper support from the student body, Eastern's chances are by no means slim.

On April 20 at Central Stadium, Eastern defeated Business by a score of seven to three in the opening game of the current inter-high baseball series. Charley Paddock, the world's fastest human, lent honor to the occasion by tossing out the first ball.

The game was a thriller from the start with neither team having any perceptible advantage until the last of the eighth when Eastern forged ahead to win. It was in this inning that the fighting spirit of the Eastern team showed itself for with the score 3 to 1 against them and the game drawing to a close they proceeded to coin six runs from four hits and as many runs from four hits and as many Business errors to sew up the game.

Oehman's pitching featured the victory, Andy allowing but seven hits and striking out the same number. Edwards, Wood, and Fisher led the team at bat with two hits each. The first-named pair also scintillated in the field with two brilliant catches.

All-Eastern Girls' Basket Ball Team

First Team	Position	Second Team
Mary Wiles-Jr.	Forward	Dorothy Kelso-Soph.
Lucille Bixler-Sr.	Forward	"Vic" Daiker-Sr.
Margaret Wilkinson-Jr.	Center	Frances Gernand-Sr.
Ida Cannon-Sr.	Side Center	Alice Imlay-Jr.
Neva Ewin-Sr.	Guard	Dorothy Wood-Sr.
Ruth Snyder-Jr.	Guard	Frances Nagle-Fresh.

The girls' basket ball season has drawn to a successful close with the championship falling to the Seniors. However, they did not win an easy victory, for the teams were well matched and nearly every game was a close one. The Sophs upset all the "dope" by thoroughly trouncing the Juniors in the most thrilling game of the series. The Seniors, having been previously defeated by the juniors, were assured an unchallenged victory when they won by two points in the second Senior-Junior game. The game, though well played, was slow except in the last few minutes of play when the tied score seemed to inject new spirit in the players. However, as an exhibition of clever passing and thoroughly scientific basket ball, it was the outstanding game of the series.

The Sophomores put up a good fight in every game, and they will provide excellent material for future teams. The Freshmen, although occupying the cellar position, in the series, made a good showing and almost upset the cocksure Sophs in a thriller that kept the sidelines in an uproar.

All in all, this year's basket ball season has been particularly successful, in that the standard of play has been exceptionally high, and that much new talent has been brought to the front.

From this season's basket ballers, it is very difficult to pick out the most outstanding players. Nevertheless, we have attempted to line up an All-Eastern team and a second team of the best players of the series.

Mary Wiles deserves the first place on the list by her exhibition

as a first class forward. Her individual performance was worthy of a professional.

Lucille Bixler's passing and accurate shooting were a wonder to behold. She seemed to spot the basket with great ease and her good playing was consistent throughout the series.

Margaret Wilkinson's stellar performance in the pivot position was a marvel to all who saw her and an inspiration to the rest of the Junior team. She is probably the best all-around player of the season.

Ida Cannon's fast play and fine passing have won her a position as best side center. Her exhibition in the second Senior-Junior game quickly put her in the lead.

Neva Ewin's excellent playing is the more to be wondered at, when it is remembered that this was her first attempt at basket ball. She has a very disconcerting way of breaking up her opponent's most strategic plays.

Ruth Snyder is an all-around good player. She plays side center and guard equally well, and excels in either position.

Of the second team Dorothy Kelso is perhaps the most notable. She was in no small part responsible for her team's good showing.

"Vic" Daiker's snappy passing completely bewildered her guards and enabled her to cage basket after basket.

Frances Gernand plays a good, fast game and she is especially adept at eluding her opponents. Alice Imlay furnished able support to her team and was a slippery one indeed when it came to guarding.

Dorothy Wood went about her work in an unassuming way, but she was indeed a big factor in the Seniors' capture of the championship. Frances Nagle, alone, upholds the honor of the Freshmen team. Her splendid performance shows that she will be excellent material for the future.

Honorable mention is also given to Ruth Greenwood, Ella Sanborn, Helen Hughes, Rhoda Hatton, Florence Peter, Caroline Hedler, Mary Drake, Ruth Ferguson, Marie Shorb, Alice Neil, Eleanor Imlay, Ruth Brown, Alice Haigh, and Sarah Mulvey.

THE TEAMS

Senior	Junior
Cannon, s. c.	Imlay, s. c.
Hatton, s. c.	Snyder, g.
Daiker, f.	Drake, f.
Sanborn, f.	Peter, f.
Gernand, c.	Wilkinson, c., capt.
Bixler, f. (capt.)	Wiles, f.
Hughes, s. c.	Thomas, g.
Greenwood, g.	Hedler, g.
Wood, g.	
Freshmen	Sophomore
Imlay, c.	Ferguson, c.
Brown, f.	Shorb, s. c.
Haigh, f. (capt.)	Kelso, f. (capt.)
Nagle, g.	Althens, f.
Mulvey, g.	Neil, g.
Gilvert, s. c.	Cole, g.
Lyle, g.	Blakeney, g.
Lyons, g.	Rodier, f.
	Galotzo, f.
	Pruitt, s. c.
	De Jarnett, g.
	Sandridge, c.

HONORS FOR SEMESTER

September—February, 1927-28

EIGHTH SEMESTER

First Honors

Dorothy Castell
Hester Yowell

Second Honors

Alma Hickox
William Ackerman

SEVENTH SEMESTER

First Honors

Jayne Adams
Audrey Sarah Bernhardt
Sarah Casteel
Evelyn Eller
Anna Popless
Virginia Gregory
Rhoda Hatton
Helen Hughes
Esther Linger
Lyla Moss
Elsie Seay
Alice Teates
Max Cohen
James Dietz
Arnold Keplinger
Edwin Ross

Second Honors

Elizabeth Brown
Robertta Fissel
Elizabeth Jenkins
Virginia Sherier
Lewis DePro

SIXTH SEMESTER

First Honors

Katherine Collins
Virginia Facer
Rose Saidman
Clarence Hartman

Second Honors

Laura Dove
Marshall Grinder

FIFTH SEMESTER

First Honors

Rose Cohen
Agnes M. Gallagher
Margaret Hewitt
Mildred Roberts
Genevieve Spencer
Myrtle Thom
Alex Goodkowitz
Frederick Stewart

Second Honors

Catherine Bixler
Marian Elizabeth Fick

Dorothy McCrone
Gertrude Gloria Rosengarten

FOURTH SEMESTER

First Honors

Alma E. Gemeny
Frances Stewart Tucker
Wiley Egbert Magee

Second Honors

Leah Frances Pattison
Helen Wayson
Kenneth Clow

THIRD SEMESTER

First Honors

Lyndon Lamar Scates
Harold Swift
Mary Mourhess
Anna Helen Ott
Hildegard Schatz
Marguerite Teachum
Carol F. Wanner
Blanche Widome

Second Honors

Charles Hart
Lois Dennison
Helen Neetz
Emma Sherwood

SECOND SEMESTER

First Honors

John Meads
William Smith
Bessie Furr
Anna Hunter
Anna Thompson
Cordelia Temple Wolf

Second Honors

Sylvia Donovitz
Alice May
Gladys P. Vochl

FIRST SEMESTER

First Honors

Mae Arkin
Madeline Duncan
Jane Hughes
Elizabeth Leek
Frances E. Nagel
Frank G. Law

Second Honors

Ethel Brennen
Bertha G. Gilbert
Julian L. Cabell
Paul L. Kise

Margaret Miller

Jane P. Menefee

John William Gernand

Joseph William Rabbitt

Rebecca Sakolsky

Pearl Maurice Young

Joseph William Steiner

Clara Critchfields

Ruth Meyers

Mary Louise Robbins

Louise Schmid

Mary Thomas

Winifred Wollet

Hilda Zwillinger

Clara Allen

Julia Fick

Cleo Robertson

Ruth Thomasson

Leonard Minkoff

Margaret V. Fuller

Kathryn Garrett

Margaret W. Lewis

Marie Verdi

Marguerite Holzclaw

Helen F. MacLean

Dorothy Payne

Lida E. Connor

Vida R. Funkhauser

Dorothy Kirsch

Grace Mathieson

Martin A. Allwine

Pauline Chaswick

Bernice Taylor

George Emmart

Franklin Richards

MEDALS

Bronze

Bessie Furr
Marie Verdi
Frances Gernand
Joseph Rabbitt
Sophie Fischer

Anna Hunter
William Smith
Rose Saidman
John Riechs
Sophie Bookoff

Jane Menefee
Wiley Magee

Silver

John Gernand

Enameled

Virginia Facer

Gold

Hester Yowell

Do You Know That

Miss Watts' hobby is to catch the 7:30 bus for Eastern every morning.

Mr. Hart delights in tennis.

Miss Dent is president of the "Teachers' Union," one of the best teachers' organizations in the city.

Mr. Flinn is minister of a Baptist Church in Virginia.

Mr. Flury is interested in new developments of science, art, and poetry.

Miss Holmes sports a Doctor of Philosophy degree.

Miss Walter is a professional accompanist.

Mr. Simon has frequently appeared with the Washington Opera Company.

Mr. Guyon has an excellent bass voice.

Miss Corbett is an accomplished contralto.

Miss Wines is an artist. Besides some of our stage scenery, she has many beautiful paintings to her credit.

Miss Culbertson plays golf like a professional—or almost.

Mr. Kochka's sailboat is his hobby.

Miss Underwood and Miss Hardy, from all reports, are especially fond of their shack and of swimming.

Mr. Haworth is working at John Hopkins University on his Ph. D.

Miss Fosdick is an accomplished dancer.

Miss Gardner writes beautiful verses. It is natural that she should.

Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Ray, and Mr. Shorts are Phi Beta Kappas.

Mrs. Martinez was put out in third round of tennis by the District Champion. She's a fine player.

Miss McMahon in the summer is a special examiner in the U. S. Civil Service Commission.

Mrs. Ray plays the violin.

Miss Nozet taught modern languages at Salem College, Winston Salem, N. C.

Mrs. Chase rides horseback.

Miss Wilson loves music.

Mrs. Roberts loves to travel in the mountains of Pennsylvania.

Assemblies

Who would ever think that ball-players were beautiful singers? On Wednesday, March 7, the students of Eastern had the pleasure of listening to Dr. White, a former pro-ball-player, sing, and they stand as witnesses to the fact that they really are, or at least he is. Also on this day two sketches were given advertising the current magazine of the day, *The Easterner*. Two weeks before this another assembly was held, at which the school letters were presented to those earning them in basketball, and two other sketches were given concerning the *Easterner*. On Tuesday and Wednesday, February 28 and 29, the honor assemblies of both the upper and lower classmen were held, at which the various awards were made to the honor students of Eastern. At these assemblies a sketch was given advertising Eastern's Spring Play.

We Wonder

Isadore Wood?

Willie Bite?

Isabelle Steele?

Will U. Pass?

Noah Scandal?

Izzie Hot?

Exchanges

In he came,
Down he sot,
Looked at the questions,
And out he got.

—*Voices of South High*

Willing

When the preacher called for women to stand up and promise to go home and mother their husbands, only one woman arose; and when he told her to go home at once and mother her husband she said: "Mother him? I thought you said smother him!"

Hubby: Where is my hat?

Wife: On the oven.

Hubby: On the oven? I wonder what ridiculous thing I shall find it on next?

Wife: (Sweetly) On your head, dear.

—*Retina*



No Joke!

Writing jokes is no picnic!!
If we print good jokes, readers say
we are silly.
If we don't, they complain we are
too serious.
If we write all our own stuff, they
say we lack variety.
If we clip from other papers, we
are too lazy to write.
If we don't print contributions, we
aren't showing proper appreciation.
If we do print them, the paper is
filled with junk.
Like as not, some one will say we
swiped this from another magazine.
We did.

Poor Teacher

Teacher (after delivering charity speech):
John, if I saw a man beating a donkey and I
told him to stop, what would that be?

John (quickly): That would be brotherly
love.

Sniffen: May I kiss you?

Anna Gates: Heavens! Another amateur.

I mix my beans with honey
I've done so all my life.
They taste a little funny
But it keeps 'em on my knife.

—Retina

Billy Jenkins: Out in the country where I spent
my vacation they gave me one of those three-
season beds.

Warren Davis: Never heard of them.

Jenkins: No spring!

Another Weakness

"Why do you wear that glass in your eye?"
"That eye is very weak."
"Then why don't you get a glass hat?"

Recipe for Honeymoon Salad according to do-
mestic science class;
Just lettuce alone.

Swift (after doing an experiment the sixth time):
This is somewhat like teaching a seal to balance
a ball, isn't it?

Dr. Rothermel (dryly): Somewhat.--But a seal
will learn in time.

Allie Sandridge (sniffing): I have a cold or some-
thing in my head.

Miss Webb: A cold, undoubtedly.

Almost any girl: You used to call me "darling"
before we knew each other so well.

And her fellow: Well, hereafter I'll call you
"dearest"; you're the most expensive girl friend
I've had.

Below Zero

Bill Markey: I got cold feet dancing with Jane
last night.

Albert Strauss: How?

Bill: Whenever she stepped on my foot, my
toes were five below.

Unemployed

Captain Bishoff: Totten, what's that mud doing
on your collar?

Private Totten (after carefully examining his
collar): It's not doing anything right now, sir.

Leroy Walker: What was the name of that
hot girl I saw you with at the show last night?

Jim Brown: Ann Howe.

Favorite Songs

Seniors. It won't be long now.
Graduate. What'll I do.
Bachelor. Battle cry of freedom.
Widower. Alone at last.
Vegetarian. In a little spinach town.
Hangman. Blest be the tie that binds.

Nowadays the aim of the wife, it seems, has a great deal to do with the husband's future. If her aim is a trifle low he may recover, if too high he will doubtless live to fight for life another day, but if it is just right the poor fellow is done for.

Things Rookies Should Know

1. George Washington did not enlist in the last war.
2. The Spanish language is spoken in Spain.
3. To be a good housewife one must be a woman.
4. Bald-headed men should not part their hair in the middle.
5. A man diving from the Rock of Gibraltar will drown if he is unable to swim.

Why, Professor!

Mr. Haworth (making physics assignment): Tomorrow, start with lightning and go to thunder.

Nize Baby

"I vant some powder."
"Mennen's?"
"No, vimmens."
"Scented?"
"No, I vill take it mit me."

High Flier

Mrs. Chase (in math class): Chamberlin, put this proposition on the board.

Chamberlin: I don't think we can do it.

Mrs. Chase: Who do you think you are--Lindbergh?

He: No, Chamberlin.

"Business is fine!" yelled the scissors grinder.
"I've never seen things so dull."

Mr. Holmes: You can't bluff me, officer! I am an A. B. and A. M.

Cop.: Fine! Now we'll give you the third degree.

Jules Phillips: If a burglar should break into the basement, would the coal chute?

Murray Bernhardt: Naw, but the kindling wood.

Ches Pyles: Remember when we first met in the revolving door at the post-office?

Helen Hughes: But that wasn't the first time we met.

Ches: Well, that's when we started going round together, wasn't it?

Or What Have You?

Cop (producing notebook): Name, please?

Motorist: Alogsiurs Alastiat Cyprion.

Cop (putting away notebook): Well, don't let it happen again.

"Dick was almost drowned last night."

"No! How come?"

"The pillow slipped, the bed spread, and he fell into the spring."

Ah!

Hair was made to kink and curl.

Cheeks were made to blush,

Eyes were made to wink at boys,

And lips were made to—

Oh! Hush!

Ruth Thomasson: Going up to hear that lecture on appendicitis?

Lois Nelson: Nope, I'm sick of these organ recitals.

"No matter where I hide," said the leopard,
"I'm always spotted."

Take No Chances

Esther Hughes: Is it dangerous to drive with one hand?

Billy Wood: You bet. More than one fellow has run into a church doing it.

EXCHANGES

The Exchange Editor is a very lucky person because he has the pleasure of looking over the many high school magazines which come in. Here are some of the best of the articles which have been in the exchanges that have been received.

Rise Up, Seniors

This may seem too good to be true, but it happened, nevertheless.

A crowded street car! Five-thirty on Monday afternoon! The bustle of traffic! A very feeble old lady got on the car. She seemed to be nervous.

Josephine got up and, taking the old lady by the arm, said, "Won't you sit down here in my place?"

The sweet little lady was very profuse in her thanks. She asked many questions: "Where do you go to school?" "What do you study?" "How old are you?" "Won't you give me your card?"

Josephine was slightly embarrassed, for she was conscious of the snickers and glances of her college mates. She had no card with her.

Grandma rose to the occasion nobly. Opening a large black leather pocketbook, she drew from it a pencil and a little ivory memorandum book. "Please," said she, "write your name and address in here."

Tuesday evening Josephine reached home tired and worried over a flunk in an ancient history examination. When she opened the door there on the console table in the hall stood a large white package addressed to her. She brightened immediately. It was a two-pound box of Velati's caramels with a little card attached, carrying a message of thanks from the little old lady who had taken her seat on the street car. "*The Balance Sheet*," Business High School

The Greatest Things

The greatest sin--fear.

The best day--today.

The greatest mistake--giving up.

The biggest fool--the boy or girl who will not go to school.

The greatest deceiver--one who deceives himself.

The most expensive indulgence--hate.

The cheapest, most stupid, and easiest thing to do--finding fault.

The greatest trouble maker--talking too much.

The worst bankrupt--the soul that has lost its enthusiasm.

The cleverest man--one who always does what he thinks is right.

The best teacher--one who makes you want to learn.

The best part of anyone's religion--gentleness and cheerfulness.

The meanest feeling--jealousy.

The greatest need--common sense.

The best gift--forgiveness.

—"*Dr. Frank Crane*" *Impression*

Scranton Central High School
Scranton, Pa.

Journeys end in lover's meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

—*Shakespeare*

Learn to see in another's calamity the ills
which you should avoid.

—*Publius Syrus*

Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

—*Shelley*

He would be the finer gentleman that should leave the world without having tasted of lying or pretence of any sort, or of wantonness or conceit.

—*Marcus Aurelius*

The door which closed behind Mrs. Miggs shut in a sudden burst of laughter.

"Does she get fun out of *anything*?" gasped Ida between chokes. "Just to *look* at her you'd know she grew up because she owed a duty to her family. I guess she married for her duty, too!"

This last was not as impossible as it sounded. Jean knew Mr. Percy Miggs, and was sure that no woman could have married him except for duty's sake. On an occasional Sunday he was sober, but his nights were usually spent inflicting variations upon "Sweet Adeline," and his days in composing apologies with which to greet his wife when she came home. Work was conspicuously absent from his program. Jean's face sobered as she thought of this.

"She's all right, Ida; don't laugh. She hasn't much to make her happy. Tommy coming 'round tonight?" abruptly.

"No." Ida turned from her, but the treacherous cracked mirror betrayed her, and showed her troubled face. "I got a note from him this morning. Read it."

Jean studied the thin, closely written paper. "Dear Ida: I am leaving on the 3:30 train this afternoon for the West. Sorry not to see you before I go, but it can't be helped. I will write when I arrive there. As ever, Tommy."

Tommy's train must have been delayed, Jean thought grimly, as the weeks passed and no word from Tommy reached them.

"Oh, he'll write soon," or "The letter must have been lost," Ida would say with a false confidence that could not deceive Jean.

And now it was nearly September, a few more days, and then—! Jean felt fearfully happy whenever she thought of it. The place in the boss's office—"I think Jean will get it"—she repeated these over to herself every hour of the day. Ida had begun to work harder, too; everyone noticed it.

"I must get a letter from Tommy today!" cried Ida as she piled the breakfast dishes in the bathtub.

"I must work hard today; they choose tomorrow! Ida or me!" said Jean to herself. Aloud: "Maybe you will!"

Even the electric fans buzzed slowly today. It was too hot for exertion of any kind, and yet Jean worked steadily till noon.

"Where's Ida!" she questioned Gertie, after a useless search around the store.

"Went home, Jean, about eleven o'clock. Got a letter and opened it."

"I--know--" Jean spoke slowly, for suddenly she did know what had happened. "Poor little Ida! I must do something for her!"

Of course she must. She must. Jean squared her shoulders and turned away, a sudden purpose gleaming in her eyes.

- - - - -

Oh, but it was hot up here! Ida turned her other cheek to her pillow. Her nose felt all snuffly and her eyes were swollen—Was that somebody at the door?

"Oh, Jean—"

"Yes, honey." Jean sat down on the bed.

"I think I know. It's Tommy, isn't it?"

"Yes." Ida's tone was dull, even lifeless. "He says he's engaged to a girl in Colorado. Sorry it happened that way, but he was always engaged to this dear little Lucille of his, et cetera." Ida's voice was scornful and bitter.

"Ida, dear---don't! He isn't worth all that. Besides, you're going to get a new job." Jean turned away to arrange her dress as she made this announcement.

"Oh, Jean, not *really*? Not---the---the place in the boss's office!" Ida sat up, pushed back her hair from her face. "Not that?"

"Yes, child---that!" said Jean. "Now you must forget Tommy."

"I'll try. But, what about you, Jean? Didn't you want the job yourself? I bet you did, didn't you?"

Jean caught her breath, held it, let it out slowly, and with it her words escaped.

"No, dear. I didn't want it very much. Besides, I made a lot of mistakes today. Mixed the accounts all up. Mr. Goldenberg was mad. So I couldn't get it. I don't want it anyway. Never did."

And then she moved over into the glow of the setting sun. Ida sat up suddenly, seeing Jean in a new light. She noticed the soft, rich color that fell caressingly, like a veil, around Jean's head, the lights and shadows that transformed Jean's face, the smile on Jean's lips.

"Oh!" she cried. "I never noticed it before. Why, Jean--you look---*beautiful*!"

A Sonnet on Sonnets

Oh, why do teachers always make us write
Such things as ballads, triolets and sonnets?
They ever heap this wretched stuff upon us,
I guess because they're usually so bright.
They get us all into an awful plight,
Whenever they demand of us a sonnet;
They never try to make one up, "doggonit!"
So why do they make all the pupils write?
They assign us more than we can ever do.
I'm positive that I would just adore
To give them work and work and then some
more,

And keep them busy for an hour or two.
I hope that all teachers who read this
Will know that sonnet writing's tedious.

—"Voice of South High" South High School
Youngstown, Ohio

An arm projecting from the side of a machine
ahead, apparently can signify any of the follow-
ing things:

1. The motorist knocking ashes off his cigarette.
2. Going to turn to the left.
3. Warning a small boy to shut up.
4. Going to turn to the right.
5. Pointing to scenery.
6. Going to back up.
7. Feeling for rain.
8. Telling his wife he is sure the front door is locked.
9. Hailing a friend in a passing car.
10. Going to stop.

—The Lewistown High School "Lore"
Lewistown, Pa

Willing to Pay

Marion Fick: A penny for your thoughts.
Eaton C.: I was thinking of going.

Her father (from the head of stairs): Give him
dollar, Marion. It's worth it.

She: I wonder if you remember me. Years ago
you asked me to marry you.

Absent-Minded Professor: Ah, vell, and did
you?

"Girls are prettier than men."

"Naturally."

"No, artificially."—The Red And White--

The Gay Nineties.

(Continued from page 13)

thusiasm over the games, and we offer our
heart-felt sympathy to the boys, because they are
deprived of witnessing these exciting contests."
Later I found this in the Locals: "The girls are
out to win the basketball championship and we
must support them by yelling (on the outside)."
I guess playing to the gallery must have been less
prevalent in the good old days.

In the Locals again:

"We are glad you received permission to dance,
girls. That's all we can do----just be glad." No
wonder when they see our armory at noon they
wonder "what we're coming to."

The more I try to decide whether we are or
we aren't, or they were or they weren't, the
more I get mixed up. It's too much trouble to
think, anyway.

One thing hasn't changed, however. Here is
the conclusion of an editorial in an issue of 1900:

"School spirit is a contagious disease, but not
one to be avoided. It is a disease which all should
want to take, and which all should endeavor to
give to someone else."

Now think a while!

"I never kissed a girl till I met your mother.
Will you be able to tell that to your son when
you are a married man?"

"Not with such a straight face as you can, fath-
er."--The Voice of South High--

Captain: All hands on deck! The ship is leak-
ing!

Voice from the hold: Aw, put a pan under it
and come on to bed.

"Well, young man, I don't mind your calling
on my daughter, but remember I put the lights
out at 10 o'clock."

Calton Eagle: Oh, that's all right, sir! I won't
be around till 10:30.

Rookie: What are those holes in that board?

Senior: Those are knot holes.

Rookie: Bologny, if those are not holes, what
are they?

ALUMNI

In recognition of his ten years service as principal of Eastern High School, Mr. Hart was presented with a pair of platinum cuff-links by the Alumni Association at the meeting of the Home and School Association held on February 17.

Eleanor Hoffman, '27, honor student, was in the first honor group for first half year at Wilson College.

Edward Lawson, '14, is U.S. Trade Commissioner at Johannesburg, Transvaal.

Lt. Chas. T. Lanham, '20, is stationed at Ft. Clayton, Canal Zone.

Clifford V. Church, '95, is now engaged in practice of law in association with Joseph du Vivier, Counselor at Law, Paris. Mr. Church had charge of the Special Court established during the American Legion convention.

Wirt Gill, '22, is a chemical engineer employed at Syracuse, New York.

Comdr. Claude Covell, '98, of the U.S. Coast Guard, has been ordered to Alaska.

Richard O. Marsh, ex 1901, engineer and scientist, is preparing to lead an exploring party into the Amazon jungles in search of ancient civilizations. He will be accompanied by scientists from the Smithsonian and from Brazil. He is well known for his discovery of the "White Indians."

James E. Burns, '18, has formed a law partnership with Elmo V. Coons in this city.

Van A. Potter, 1900, has been made assistant manager of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company's office at Mineola, N. Y.

James Defondorf, '11, is instructor in pharmacology in medical department, George Washington University.

Rev. Chas. E. McAllister, '10, is canon of Trinity Cathedral, Newark, N.J.

Larry Parker, '20, composed the words to "Sharps and Frats" presented by the G. W. Troubadors at Wardman Park Theatre on January 9.

The following Eastern graduates are at present employed in the Office of Compilation, Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company: Elizabeth E. Arnett, Betty Bambach, Marion Gilmore of '27; Bertha E. Dennison, '26; Mildred I. Repetti, '25; Mildred A. Rogerson, '25.

Harold Scruggs, '26, and Bruce Kessler, '26, are playing on the American University basketball team. Laura K. Barrett, '26, is a sophomore there.

Julius Radice, George Madigan, and Lawrence Smallwood, all of '26, are enrolled at Maryland University. Regis Dunnigan, '26, is on the staff of "The Diamondback."

Benjamin I. Simon, '21, is studying at the University of Southern California. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of cadets here.

Raymond Hutchinson, '22, is a junior in the medical school at Richmond, Virginia.

Norbert Walter, '24, is studying law at St. John's, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Isadore Rodis, '22, is completing his last year in the Medical Department of Georgetown University. After graduating he intends to become an interne in a Baltimore hospital.

Irma M. Marshall, '25, will graduate from the nurses' training school at Lincoln Hospital in September 1928.

John Quinn, '27, and Albert Nicholson, '26, made the freshman football team at Georgia Tech this year.

Burton Langhenry is studying to become an aviator. Allan Mochabee has entered the National University Law School.

Wilton Gibson, '25, is now at West Point.

Hilda Koontz, '27, is at Steward's Business College.

Robert Hutchinson, '26, and Clement Didden, '26, are attending Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Johnny: Paw, what is the rest of the saying "Truth is mighty?" Father: Scarce, I reckon.

(Continued from page 8)

Weddings

Mable W. Vandegrift, '24, to Mr. Bernard Weaver, Feb. 11, 1928.

Betty W. Jones, to Claude H. Newman, '25, April 14, 1928.

Mary B. Graham, '24, to Mr. Joseph T. Spelman.

Beatrice Griffith to Milton Alvin Talbert, '24.

Births

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Tosh, Jr., Francis B. Tosh March 5, 1928. Mrs. Tosh of 1916.

Deaths

C. LeRoy Parker, '93, March 19, 1928—first cadet major at Eastern.

Baxter Cornwell, '00, Dec. 19, 1927.

Emma May Van Doren, '00, Jan. 20, 1928.

Margaret Mary Jordan, '28, Feb. 29, 1928.

Pauline L. Roth, '27, March 2, 1928.

Dr. Ballou: How many pupils study in your school?

Mr. Hart: About one out of every ten.

Informed

Kelso: I fixed up a match for you with Hook.
Ross: Thanks, old man. I hope you told him how rotten I am.

Kelso: No, I didn't, he seems to know.

Wife (at breakfast): Our new girl took cooking at Eastern.

Hub: She must have flunked badly in biscuits.

Rosalie: You're a dear.

Critchfield: You mean my brother; he's an Elk.

Miss Milliken: I don't know what the modern youngsters are coming to. In my section the boys even whistle while they work.

Miss Dent: You're fortunate. Mine just whistle.

Customer: These eggs aren't fresh.

Grocer: A farmer just brought them in from the country.

Customer: What country?

Norrine Foster has a very hard time of it, because she's so young, so says Norrine. Never mind, Norrine, you'll be wishing you weren't so old someday.

Mildred Barr has cut off her curls once more. Will this very changeable young lady ever really know what she wants? It's very doubtful.

We wonder if "Dick" Kelso minds being goated. He buys enough lunch for that Phi Alpha bunch to feed a regiment.

For a collegiate Ford, the one that "Hutch" owns has them all beat. Only yesterday' he had to ride home on the rim.

Ruth Bell has been wearing some lucky boy's arm band. Perhaps "Brooks" is his last name.

Crash! Bang! Never mind. Don't worry. It's only Major Maish, roaring out his orders to some of those unruly cadets.

Theodore Entwisle surely has "It." If you don't believe it, trot up to the library every fifth hour. There you will see him exercising his wiles upon a poor little rookie.

Claison King is doing much to disprove the theory that opposites always attract each other. His latest is a small brunette and she's in the eighth semester, too.

Grace Haly surely can play basketball and dance. And she's going with that handsome boy in the sixth semester. We wish you good luck, Grace.

You'd die laughing, could you but see and hear Miss Kirby "bawl out" "Heinie" Hoffman and "Billy" Rossiter. She really knows how, too.

Ursula Hancock has forsaken all men. Doesn't Joe come home from college for the Easter holidays, soon?

Someone once said, "The only way to keep from flunking a Burke test was to stay home that day." In more ways than one, he was right.

There are rumors that Jack Bryan has a soft spot in his heart for Julia Obear. Well,---Jack?

Esther Hughes and "Smoky" Wood make a darling couple. Is it not so?

Martin Casper is still Eastern's first prize dancer, with the "Miles twins" running him a close second.

A Knightly Night

(Continued from page 11)

length of time she came out of her faint and was deposited on a grassy plot at the edge of a wood amid her appropriate wails and laments. The knight also dismounted but in doing so slipped on the train of his fair prize and fell prostrate on the green-sward. Now it is a well known fact that a fallen knight, fully due to the weight and extreme clumsiness of the joints and the iron plate, fully armed, cannot rise unassisted, so Lady Ruth, after rearranging her gown and at least attempting to brush some of the rust and grease of the armor from her cape, began again to scream in an even more helpless and appealing manner. This display of emotion was varied from time to time by floods of tears.

This time two peasants answered her cries and, seeing the trouble, loosened the helmet of the knight and assisted him to his feet. Lady Ruth in the meanwhile had quite properly fainted, though this time very indiscreetly, for she had swooned upon an anthill! Her rescuer, however, seeing her predicament, came to her aid and lifted her onto his horse before him in true knightly fashion.

Then for the first time Lady Ruth saw the countenance of her savior. Her heart skipped a beat now, if ever. It was the face of Sir Raeburn of Andersonia! It was her supreme moment, the climax of her dreams—she was in the arms of her ideal! But alas, she shuddered as her lips clung to his through a mass of tangled whisker. "These beards! Is there no rose without its thorn?" she sighed.

Suddenly—ah, how brief was that moment of embrace—a horsefly thoughtlessly bit the steed on which they were seated. The charger instinctively reared up on his hind legs. Sir Raeburn reached vainly for the rein. They were falling. Lady Ruth clutched Sir Raeburn's sword belt. Her cries were lost in the ringing of the falling armor—

When Ruth awoke she was clutching madly at the bedpost. The telephone was ringing furiously. It was a few minutes before she could collect her wits sufficiently to answer it.

It was Rae.

"I've hired a couple of horses today," he said.

"Do you want—"

"Rae, don't you dare mention horses to me

again!" interrupted Ruth. "If you love me, get a shave and come over here right away."

"A which? Why certainly, sure! What! O Ruth, will you really? Yes, yes, goodbye."

Bob hung up the receiver and turned toward his roommate.

"Well, I'll be darned, Bill. I can't figure her out at all," he said.

"What's the matter? It worked, didn't it?" asked Bill.

"You bet it worked, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, nothing. By the way, Professor Beat-zner, will you be my best man tonight?"

Signs Seen on Fords

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Chicken, here's your coupe.

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Vertical Four.

Honest weight, no springs.

Why girls leave home.

The tin you love to touch.

Pray as you enter.

In case of fire, break glass.

Horace Gendreau, '30

"Gone, But Not Forgotten"

I woke to look upon a face,

Silent, white, and cold,

Oh, friend, the agony I felt

Can never half be told.

We'd lived together but a year,

Too soon, it seemed, to be

Those gentle hands outstretched—

and still

That toiled so hard for me.

My waking thoughts had been of one

Who now asleep had dropped;

'Twas hard to realize, Oh! friend,

My Ingersoll had stopped.

—Voice of South High

The Parade Ground Turfite

A very interesting, yet hitherto unpublished narrative came to our attention the other day.

Eastern about two years ago (unknown to most people) entered the Zoological Hall of Fame, having unearthed to science a creature of the reptile species to be known as the parade ground turfite (*corpus militis reptilis*). Its discovery must be credited to Captain Harry Portch of Company C 2 years ago, who has thereby won for himself an undying name in the annals of science. Believe it or not, this is the narrative as it was told to me.

In the days just preceding the Platoon Competitive Drill, several enthusiastic cadets employed themselves in clearing and burning off the parade ground down by the Eastern Branch. One evening, about five o'clock, after everyone but Captain Portch and Cadet Cooper had gone home, these two gentlemen were startled by an unusual occurrence. Captain Portch was on the point of quenching the last fire when he detected a rustle in some dried brush near him. Investigating, he was somewhat surprised to see a queer looking creature emerge from the bushes. Be-

cause of its small size, Portch was convinced that the reptile was harmless and called Cooper to see it. It had a flexible skin which rotated in the manner of a tank, propelling it along the ground. This peculiar mode of navigation so interested them that they captured it, and gently placing it in a sack they hastened to Miss Holmes. After a careful examination it was found that this ophidian differed from all others on record.

At the suggestion of the biology teachers the creature was named the parade ground turfite, owing to the fact that it had been found on the drill field uprooting the turf. Its greatest singularity lay in the fact that it had but two teeth which projected in cow-catcher fashion from its mouth. The turfite lives chiefly on bugs and insects, the two teeth being used to dig into the ground for a meal, thus uprooting the sod which they frequently eat. We are now enlightened as to why the parade ground in the past has been so barren. However, since the reptile has been captured the grass has been growing with amazing rapidity and is now quite as green as the rookies.

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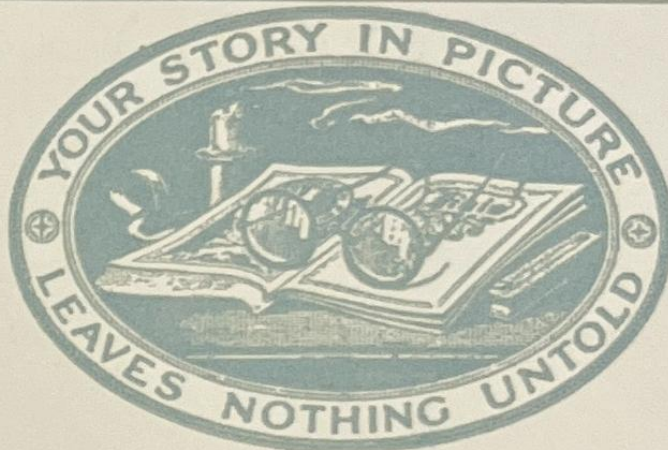
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